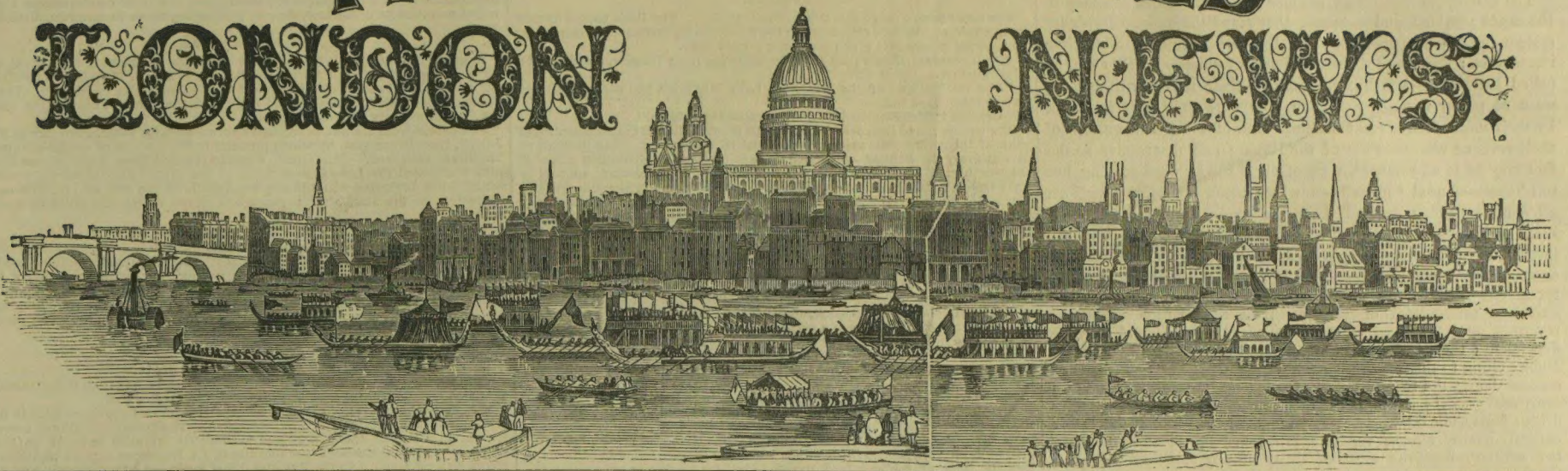


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



No. 173.—Vol. VII.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1845.

[SIXPENCE.]

THE QUEEN IN GERMANY.

MAYENCE, August 16.

HATEVER degree of doubt may exist in the mind of the voyager who stops at Coblenz, whether the Rhine may not have been a little — a very little over-rated — that doubt vanishes when he has completed the course to Mayence. For that distance the river deserves all that has ever been said of it in poetry and prose; and there has been a good deal of both. Never was

there stream so written upon. In verse we have laudations of all qualities, from the sublimity of Byron to the bathos of the rhymers of yesterday: in prose, there are the descriptions and mis-descriptions of the thousands of tourists who have steamed up it to make a book. To re-describe, then, what has been so often done before, is no part of our purpose, which is the illustration of the visit of her Majesty to the noble flood which traverses the great seat of our Saxon ancestors.

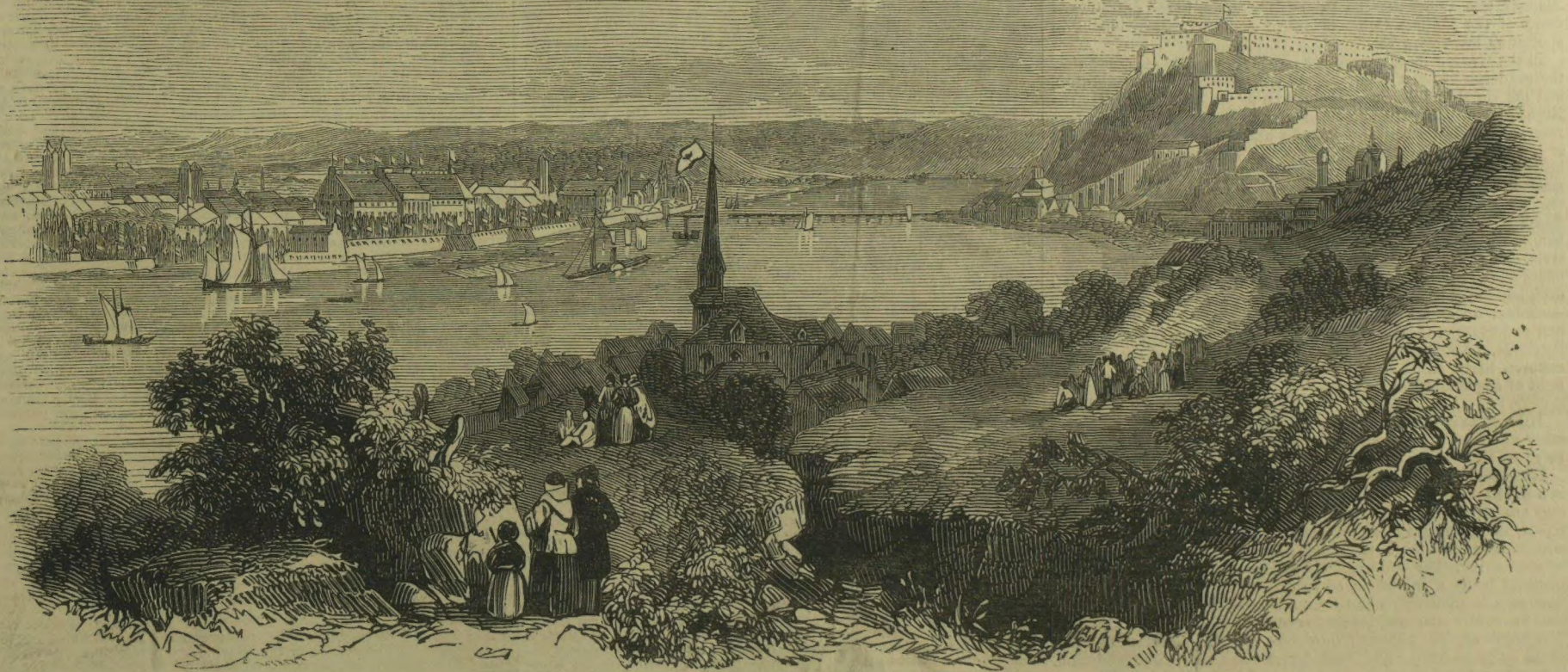
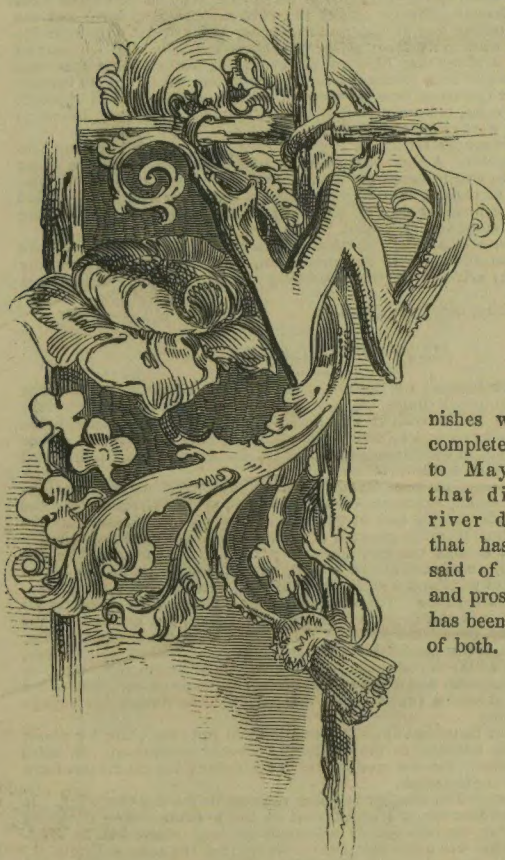
We have already traced the route of her Majesty to Stolzenfels, where the second pause of the journey was made. We have now to notice the transit from that point to the fine old city of Mayence; one of those places which the antiquary enters with awakened interest, and the artist quits with regret. It is full of objects most calculated to excite the attention of both. It is old, like Cologne, but has not that air of decay and decrepitude which meets you everywhere in the city of Agrippa; and, with all respect to Cologne, be it said, it has the advantage in cleanliness. The change from Cologne to Coblenz is, in many respects, a change for the better.

Her Majesty left the Castle of Stolzenfels in the *Fairy*; and right well the gallant little steamer has played her part. She steamed up against the ever-rolling current of the Rhine, as if being launched for the ocean, she could sport with the strength of a river great as it might be; she bore along the standard of England as if proud of it, and of her over whose head it floated. She ploughed along against the stream without any visible application of force in most gallant style, and excited immense sensation, as all the Rhine steamers—and they are very good ones—are of the old construction.

The Royal yacht left Stolzenfels between eleven and twelve, and arrived at Mayence at six, overtaking one of the best of the Rhine boats that left two hours before her; though, the *Fairy's* speed was slackened before the principal towns and villages that the people who poured down to the shore and landing-places on almost every point might have the opportunity of seeing her Majesty. This is good work when the strength of the current against an ascending vessel is considered; and it was done quietly and smoothly, as if a fairy could dispense with physical aids and could glide along like that "gay creature of the element" whose name she bears.

The morning of the embarkation was anything but fair; heavy rain, wind, an excessive cold for the season, and a sky as grey and dull as November on the Thames, instead of the bright blue of August on the Rhine, gave little prospect of pleasure, but the day proved better than it promised; at noon it cleared up, and a bright sun gave the only charm required to complete the scene.

The principal places passed were those with whose names the guide-books, and the tours before-mentioned, have made everybody familiar; Braubach, with the well-preserved fragment of feudalism, the Castle of Marksburg, towering above it; Boppard, with an antiquity that goes back to the days of Drusus and his legions, and its river-wall, which was strong before gunpowder came to revolutionise the art of war by the terrible facility it gives to "lay cities flat;" the Castles of the Cat and the Mouse, quiet now and crumbling to dust together, amicable at least in their day of decay, though fierce were once the feuds of their several owners; the twin towers of Sternberg and Liebenstein, the seat of a legend of the fierce hatred of two brothers, not unlike that which Schiller has made



THE QUEEN PASSING COBLENZ

the groundwork of his "Bride of Messina;" and so past a host of places all rife with interest derived from history, or song, or both.

The Castles of the Rhine are now only picturesque features of the scene; ruined and desolate, they stand the relics of another system, long since passed away. But they were once of terrible importance; they were the seats of robber chiefs—for they can be called little else—who had no limits to their lawless will but the want of power to enforce it, and who were only kept in check by their mutual feuds and enmities. One of the great sources of their revenue was the trade of the Rhine; and, destructive as the fact may be to all romance, most of these castles were nothing but toll-houses—feudal "pikes"—at which black mail was levied on all shipping going up and down the stream, and the merchant made to "stand and deliver," which, as long as the "commercial" interest was weak and undeveloped, it did do. But the end of this injustice came at last, and not before a change was required; for at one period there were no less than thirty-two Nobles who exercised this system of pillage. But the Barons spent the revenues, and borrowed of the men of commerce, and became dependent; the merchants stoutly refused to pay when asked; the Nobles clung to their old rights when they no longer had power to enforce them; the traders formed the Hanseatic League, raised an army and paid it; and thus the tide was turned: the Barons were driven from their holds, and the torch, the axe, and the hammer carried havoc among them—a few remained as military posts, but artillery deprived most of them of any value as positions; the tide of war has swept over them, and a few broken walls alone exist to tell that they have been; of some, the remains are more perfect—accident has spared them, and, from them, it may be judged what they were in their days of power.

Stolzenfels has been restored, but the elegance of the mansion has been attained—probably, it was more studied than a reproduction of the grim old fortress. Marksburg remains much as it might have been of yore, rough and weather-beaten, coloured like the rock on which it stands, still entire, but showing no signs of life or occupation. The grandest of the whole of these structures—both from its extent and position—is Rheinfels, which is too perfect to be called quite a ruin, and yet too shattered to be considered as much else. It stands close to St. Goar, on a height which slopes down to the river's edge, completely commanding the passage of it, which was the great object of its founder; for, like the others, this too was a toll-house. It was built by a Count Diether, of Katzenellenbogen, who, in 1245, asked his friend, the Emperor Frederick, to grant him a new toll; with the usual generosity of the feudal times, when kings gave away anything, provided it was not their own, the Emperor complied; and, to collect the new impost, this castle was built. But, ten years afterwards, there having been much discontent in the interval, no less than twenty-six of the Rhine towns took heart of grace, "plucked up a spirit," and not only said they would pay no more toll to the Count, but that they would pull him out of his new Castle by the ears, and that down to the ground afterwards. The Count stood a siege of fifteen months, and the assailants departed successful: the time had not come, but it was not long delayed. It was the failure of this very siege that produced the union of the German and Rhenish cities, which at last overthrew the whole system, of which Rheinfels is so striking a relic.

The Castle, after this, plays no important part in history, till the wars of Louis XIV. It was occupied by the Hessians, in 1794; but the garrison surrendered to the French, and the Republican Army blew it up, leaving it what it now is—a wreck, but a magnificent one. It is reported that it has just been purchased by the Prince of Prussia, who intends to restore it on a far grander scale than the residence of Stolzenfels. The old walls exhibited some signs of life, as her Majesty passed beneath them: a flag waved over them—a few figures were visible moving along the terraces—some cannon were fired as a salute—and then the place was as still and silent as of yore.

The rest of the course was rapidly passed. Above Bingen, the river opens, the mountains recede from the banks, and its bed is almost a plain; and thus it continues up to Mayence, where the character of the scenery becomes again almost as flat and uninteresting as it is among the flats of Holland.

The reception of her Majesty at Mayence was made in all due form; a large body of the Austrian and Prussian garrison (for it is occupied by the troops of both countries) were under arms; the quays along the river were crowded; even the men at work in the line of water-mills moored in the stream, quitted their labour, and stood on the barges to see the "Queen of England." There were no great fort and batteries to send forth their thunder, as at Ehrenbreitstein; but a few cannon were discharged from different points, a hundred flags and banners waved gaily in the breeze, the sun was bright on the broad river, the red towers of the Cathedral, and the high roofs of the city, looked quaint and picturesque; and, altogether, the scene was one of the best of its kind, during the Royal Progress.

The Fairy ran alongside a temporary landing-place, covered with an awning, and decorated with flags, and in a few minutes her Majesty was a guest of the Prince of Prussia, in the official residence of the Military Commandant of the City. The crowd of spectators was very great.

In the evening there were other celebrations. It appeared that the residence had not been prepared for her Majesty's reception, and the Hotel de l'Europe was fixed on as the head-quarters of the Royal visitor. The Queen and suite proceeded there in their carriages. The Hotel was illuminated; and soon afterwards a guard of honour, with two splendid bands, the outside lines of soldiers bearing torches, marched through the streets, and took up their station beneath the windows. The moon was beautifully clear—the arms and helmets of the Prussian soldiers gleamed in the flashing torchlight—the crowd stood closely pressed together behind the ranks, and the bands played a serenade in admirable style. Those who have not heard them can have no idea of the effect of the military music of the Austrian and Prussian army: each band is at least three times as numerous as any in our service—contain first-rate instrumentalists, who play with the precision and perfection of the orchestra of the Opera. At the close of the Serenade, the soldiers returned in the same order; and the city was restored to its usual quiet—the Rhine flowing smoothly, in the light of a splendid moon.

MAYENCE, August 17.

Military as it is, Mayence has objects of interest connected with other arts than that of war; among them, the first place should be given to the Statue of Gutenberg, the Inventor of Printing.

Mayence is clean and bright beyond most German cities, and is a credit to the Principality of Hesse Darmstadt. New buildings are rising in several quarters, and the old ones are in good repair, or undergoing the process; this is, unfortunately, the case with the tower of the Cathedral, the exterior of which is concealed by scaffolding. The buildings, old and new, are of a red tinge, the material being a sandstone of that colour. The masonry of the new ones is admirably executed, and shows the Germans have not lost the skill which made them the best church builders of Europe. The hotels are like palaces; they front the Rhine. Each of them could lodge an army; and, both for prospect and accommodation, it may be doubted if our Queen does not find the Hotel de l'Europe, as compared with Buckingham Palace, a change for the better.

Her Majesty leaves to-morrow for Gotha.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The news from France this week is unimportant. The Paris papers devote their attention almost exclusively to the Religious Disturbances in Germany, an account of which is given under the proper head.

The *Journal des Débats* publishes the following from Tangier, dated the 6th of August:—

"The ratifications of the treaty of Lalla Maghrina had been exchanged two or three days before.

"General Delarue quitted Tangier to return to France."

The weather had improved in Paris, but it was believed that the continual rains of this year would be very prejudicial to the harvest. The journals of almost every department of France complain of the unfavourable state of the weather. The eastern side of the kingdom, in particular, appears to have suffered. Serious fears were likewise entertained for the vintage, and it was not thought likely, even if the weather were to change, that the wine would be of a good quality. The price of wheat had increased, during the last week, in twenty-two markets of France, and decreased only in five.

A letter from Bordeaux, dated the 13th instant, gives the following account of the camp formed in that city:—

"Yesterday took place the first review of the troops at the Camp of St. Medard. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess de Nemours left the Palace at nine o'clock, and reached St. Medard about ten. The review commenced about eleven o'clock, under the command of the Duke d'Aumale, and lasted two hours. It was a mere inspection. About ten thousand men were passed in review. The spectacle was repeatedly interrupted by heavy showers of rain, which added to the disappointment and annoyance of the spectators. It is calculated that thirty thousand persons were present to see this fine sight."

The Duke and Duchess de Nemours and the Duke d'Aumale were present at the distribution of prizes at the College of Bordeaux, on the 13th. The Princes crowned some of the pupils, and amongst the rest a young Arab, named Ben Youdas, son of an African chief. The liveliest manifestation of delight burst forth amongst the pupils when the Censor announced that the Duke of Nemours had obtained from the Minister of Public Instruction the favour of prolonging the vacation from the 6th to the 20th of October. The Archbishop and the functionaries of the University dined with the Royal party afterwards; and a grand reunion was to have taken place, but was put off in consequence of a slight indisposition of the Duke de Nemours, which for some days previously had caused him to observe a certain regimen. As the medical men have prescribed repose, the departure of the Princes for Bayonne was postponed. From that city they propose visiting Pau and Tarbes, and on their return to Bayonne from the Pyrenees will proceed to Pampluna by Irun, Oyarzun, Astigarraga, and Tolosa.

The Paris papers confirm the report that Marshal Bugeaud, covered with the ashes of the victims of his orders at the Dahra, will return forthwith to France. He was expected to arrive at Toulon on a three months' leave. No doubt was entertained that whatever be the occasion of it, his return, if not a recall, will lead to his or Marshal Solli's retirement from the position they now occupy.

M. Touy Conte, eldest son of M. Conte, Postmaster General of France, died in Paris, much lamented, on the 14th inst., in the 38th year of his age.

The Court of Cassation has annulled the decision of the Cour Royale of Paris which declared that, there being no law against duelling, there was no ground for proceeding against M. Beauvallon for killing M. Dujarrier, *gerant of the Presse*, in a duel.

Some of the Paris papers are absurd enough to attribute a political motive to the visit of her Majesty to Germany. One of them has sagaciously discovered, that in the mention of the word "Victoria" by the King of Prussia, when he proposed the Queen's health at dinner, there was deep political significance, with something like insult to the French nation. The simple explanation of the expression that the word Victoria resounded once over a field of battle is, that it was anciently the custom of German soldiers after a victory, to fire a grand salute, which they called *victoria schiessen*—the salute of triumph. The usage has become obsolete, but the name of the custom is still remembered—consecrating the word Victoria in German language and literature, as the poetical term for military triumph.

GERMANY.

Our private accounts from Germany for some time past have led us to expect the outbreak of a religious insurrection, because we were aware of the differences which existed between the Catholics and Protestants. We are sorry to say that news has been received of increasing excitement in Saxony and other parts of Germany from this cause. A letter from Halberstadt, dated Aug. 10, says:—

"On Wednesday afternoon Abbé Ronge, who has numerous partisans in this place, delivered his first sermon at Halberstadt, in the open air, and in the yard of the cathedral, before several thousand persons of every age and sex.

"As soon as he had pronounced the last words of his sermon, which were these—'Yes, brethren, Rome ought to fall; and she will fall!' a rustling noise was heard among the portion of the audience nearest the pulpit, when a salesman, well known for the fervour of his religious belief, rushed forward after Abbé Ronge, who had just left the pulpit, and endeavoured to throw a stone at him. The persons who were near this fanatic held him back, and prevented him realising his culpable intention; but at the same instant a young man struck, with a heavy stick, a violent blow upon the back of Abbé Ronge, who immediately fell on the ground. The Abbé got up and ran away, but soon afterwards was further ill-treated by several other men; and it was only with great difficulty, and through the protection afforded him by a great number of his friends, that he succeeded in gaining the hotel he lodged at.

"Some moments after a crowd of his partisans walked through the streets of the town, and threw stones at the windows of the houses they thought to be inhabited by Roman Catholics. The police put all their agents on foot to appease the tumult, but their efforts were useless; the rioters breathed only rage and vengeance. The military were called out; some detachments of infantry and cavalry appeared, and after having ordered the rebels to retire, which was not obeyed, the troops charged them, and blood flowed in abundance. The German Catholics went in crowds to the Rue de la Digue, where dwelt the salesman who had endeavoured to throw a stone at Abbé Ronge; they barricaded themselves in this narrow street, and demolished from top to bottom the house of this individual. It was only then they separated, and that tranquillity was re-established in Halberstadt.

"The number of the killed and wounded is not at present known; that of the persons arrested is upwards of 150. The Royal Court of Magdeburg has instituted an inquiry into the affair, and will judge it when the inquiry has terminated."

On the 12th instant a very serious riot broke out at Leipsic, and according to the latest accounts, that city was still in a state of the greatest excitement. The following interesting particulars are given by the *Journal des Débats*:—The population of Leipsic, that had shown already great sympathies for the new German Catholic Church, of which, as is well known, the Abbé Ronge is the founder and chief, took advantage of a review of the Rural Guards to make a violent manifestation, which led to deplorable tumults. His Royal Highness Duke John, only brother of the King of Saxony, Commandant-General of the Rural Guards of the Kingdom, arrived at Leipsic on the 12th instant to inspect this militia. The Prince, it is said, is a zealous Catholic, and passes for having contributed, in the Council of Ministers, to two measures taken against the proselytes of the Abbé Ronge in Saxony, who has been prohibited to open churches, or to celebrate publicly divine service. When the Prince presented himself before the Rural Guard, the commanding officer, according to usage, cried the first, "Prince John for ever!" (Vive le Prince Jean!) The cry was received by a general murmur; nevertheless, no other manifestation troubled the review. It was when the troops filed off that symptoms of violent animosity broke out against the person of the Prince in the ranks of the militia, and among the population assembled on the spot. The Commandant having repeated the cry, "Vive le Prince Jean!" there arose from all parts confused cries of "Ronge for ever!" "Down with the Jesuits!" "Down with the hypocrites!" The Prince, after the review, went to the Hotel of Prussia, and was followed by the whole population, who did not cease to repeat the cries of "Down with the Jesuits!" "Ronge for ever!" The guard of honour of the Prince used their efforts to maintain order, and to clear the square, but they were forced back by the mass of the population that invaded all the adjacent streets. The Prince then gave orders to a battalion of infantry of the line to take up their position before his hotel. During this time the population continued their turbulent manifestations, and sang first the celebrated chorus of Luther, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott" (Our God is a fortress), and afterwards a strophe of a song from the "Brigands" of Schiller, "Ein freies Leben führen wir" (We lead a free and charming life). The population, growing more and more excited, began to throw stones at the windows of the apartments inhabited by the Prince, and broke several of them. The Commander of the troops (then about half-past 10 in the evening), not having been able to disperse the population, gave orders to fire upon the people. It is asserted that this discharge took place without any previous notice having been given to the people, or that it was given in such a manner as not to be heard but by those nearest the troop. The bullets, in fact, struck, in particular, inoffensive persons, who stood at some distance from the scene of disorder, on the parade in front of the hotel. The number of the wounded has been estimated at 30, seven of whom have already died. Among the latter was a Government officer, a police agent, and the father of a family, standing at the time before his door, inquiring what was the cause of the tumult. This event has exasperated the population; and, to prevent more serious consequences, the authorities assembled together the Rural Guards, who succeeded, at about two o'clock in the morning, in dispersing the crowds. The Prince quitted Leipsic in the morning, but was again hissed by the populace in the streets he passed through, and stones were also thrown at his coach. The troop is ordered to the barracks; and the authorities have sent for a battalion of infantry to reinforce the garrison. This battalion was received by the hisses of the populace, who manifested the greatest animosity against the troop. The Municipal Council has ordered the severest measures for the maintenance of order. It was occupied, at the departure of the courier, in drawing up an energetic proclamation addressed to the inhabitants.

The University was also to invite the students, who are very numerous in the city, to abstain from any turbulent manifestations. The Rural Guard is alone charged with the interior service of the town, and shows itself zealous to maintain order and preserve the town from the fatal consequences that might result to its commerce, &c., by prolonging these lamentable disturbances.

THE UNITED STATES.

In great part of our impression last week, we announced the arrival of the *Britannia* with New York papers to the 31st July. They do not confirm the reported declaration of war against the United States by Mexico. They contain most afflicting accounts of a great fire at New York on the 19th ult., which we have detailed elsewhere.

The papers from Halifax bring news of an awfully destructive fire at St. John's, New Brunswick, by which property to the amount of nearly £60,000 has been destroyed. The Great Western reached New York on the 21st ult., and sailed for Liverpool at noon of the 31st. The *Cambria*, which sailed from Liverpool with the American mails on the 19th ult., arrived out at Boston on the 31st, after a passage of eleven days!—the quickest upon record.

THE WEST INDIES.

The *Tay* has arrived from the West Indies. The date from Jamaica is the 24th of July, but there is no news of particular moment from the island. The railway to Spanish Town was progressing very favourably, and it is probable it may be opened before the time originally contemplated, viz., the 1st of October. The weather had been very fine, and the crops were looking exceedingly well. The negroes had turned their attention to the cultivation of ginger on their own account.

INDIA.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALCUTTA MAIL.

The Overland Mail from Calcutta has arrived, with dates from Calcutta and Bombay, both of the 3rd ult., and Madras, of the 10th ditto.

The political news is not of importance, and the chief announcement is of an unsatisfactory character. The cholera had re-appeared at almost every station in Western India, and had committed frightful ravages on the native inhabitants, although the number of its European victims had been comparatively small. In the Punjab it had made sad havoc, carrying off at Lahore from 500 to 600 daily. At Lahore from 20,000 to 30,000 had fallen victims to it. The Rajah Goolerwallah Singh, the father-in-law of the late Rajah Heerah Singh, who had been at Lahore for some time, settling his accounts with the Sirdar, was suddenly attacked with cholera, and died shortly after. The rebellion of Peshora Singh was becoming every day more formidable. The great body of the Royal troops, it is said, refused to take up arms against him. One of his latest exploits was an attack on, and plunder of a small party engaged in conveying six lacs of rupees from Lahore to Peshawur. The ravages of the cholera appear to have had the effect of preventing any further outbreaks for the present, although the Khalsa troops were in a state of as great insubordination as ever. The news from Scinde is altogether of a pacific character, although the fact that reinforcements had been demanded at Shalpoor had given rise to warlike rumours. The Governor General was still at Calcutta, but would proceed, soon after the rains, towards the Punjab, although without any intention of carrying on warlike operations in that quarter.

A native newspaper records a frightful case of "dacoity," or gang robbery, near Calcutta. A band of ruffians is said to have attacked the house of a Brahmin in which there were twelve women, and not content with despoiling them of their jewels, they cut off the limbs on which they were placed; in one instance cutting off a leg to secure the bangle or ring with which its ankle was decorated.

A suspension bridge near Calcutta, the largest in India, is said to have fallen down immediately after its completion, but, fortunately, without any sacrifice of life; arising from the blundering manner in which it had been constructed.

There is nothing new from China.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—The students of the Female School of Design, at Somerset House, on leaving for the vacation, presented their Governors, Mrs. M'lan, with an elegant silver stand, accompanied by an address expressing their deep feeling of gratitude, and appreciation of her untiring exertions in their instruction, and of the great esteem and regard in which she is held by all under her tuition.

PERILOUS ASCENT OF MR. GREEN.—One of the most perilous ascents ever attempted by any aeronaut was accomplished by Mr. Green during the storm on Monday night, and happily without any serious result, in the "Albion" balloon, from the grounds of Cremorne House, Chelsea. At the time Mr. Green entered the car, the rain poured in torrents, and he was advised by many gentlemen not to ascend, but he replied that he was determined, in spite of wind and weather, to make an ascent, rather than disappoint the expectant public. The balloon, which took at first a direction almost due north, was visible for some time, from the light emitted by the lamps, which Mr. Green had provided, to assist him in his descent. After travelling through the storm for an hour, in the most unpleasant predicament, he effected a safe descent, at eleven o'clock, in a field at Harrow, aided by four young ladies, who had followed the balloon for some miles. Mr. Green calculates that at least a tun of water must have fallen during his voyage from the balloon.

ELECTION FOR SOUTHWARK.—This election will not take place for about three weeks. In addition to the candidates already mentioned, Mr. Miall has offered himself. Several meetings of the friends of the candidates have taken place during the week.

THE WEATHER.—The weather has been changeable during the week. It was very fine on Monday, till about nine in the evening, when it rained heavily. Tuesday, the rain poured in torrents all day. It improved on Wednesday. Thursday was a fine day, but rather cold for the season.

HUNGERFORD SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.—The Directors have given a new name to this bridge, viz.:—"The Charing-cross Suspension-Bridge."

MORTALITY OF LONDON.—The total number of deaths in the week ending last Saturday, as made up by the Registrar-General, was 864—showing a decrease on the amount of the previous week's mortality. The number of births in the week was 1266.

VERY SUDDEN DEATH.—It may be remembered, that a short time ago an inquest was held on the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Lockyer, who were drowned out of a sailing-boat near the Red House, Battersea. On Tuesday night last a raffle for the benefit of the children was got up, under the superintendence of Mrs. Lockyer's sister, who, after the business was over, retired home to bed, where she was found quite dead next morning, although in the enjoyment of most excellent health the day and night previous.

LONDON AND BLACKWALL RAILWAY.—The half-yearly general meeting of the proprietors of this Company was held in the London Tavern on Tuesday. Mr. Daniell, chairman, in the chair. The report of the directors stated that the number of passengers during the half year ending the 30th of June last was 1,524,077, and yielded a revenue of £25,612 19s. 1d., being an increase over the corresponding half of last year of 46,840; the number in 1844 being 1,478,237, yielding a revenue of £22,176 8s. 2d. The total income during the half year was £29,526 17s. 11d., and the expenditure amounted to £24,494 6s. 10d., leaving a balance in the hands of the Company, which would enable the directors to declare a dividend. The report was adopted, and also a resolution proposing a dividend of 2s. per share, exclusive of income-tax, on the 48,000 shares forming the stock of the Company, to be paid on and after Thursday, the 4th of September.

EXTRAORDINARY RAILWAY EXPRESS.—The *Times* on Thursday last week received the result of the Sunderland election by an express of a very extraordinary character. The energy displayed by our great contemporary deserves notice. The intelligence was conveyed from Sunderland to the *Times* office by a special messenger, who travelled the entire distance, upwards of 305 miles, in about eight hours. The express returned to Sunderland with a large number of the *Times* containing the intelligence, and arrived there shortly after ten o'clock in the morning, while the proceedings connected with the official declaration of the poll were in progress. The *Times* states, "that on some parts of this line the speed was incredible, the train at one time proceeding at the rate of a mile in 48 seconds, or at the astonishing velocity of 75 miles an hour! When proceeding at this astonishing rate the motion of the train was scarcely perceptible, there being none of that rocking motion of the carriages observable on broad gauge lines, when going at a much slower rate of speed. The operation of writing was performed with ease under these circumstances, and not the slightest apprehension of danger was felt by any of the party. Had it been possible to maintain this speed throughout, the journey from Sunderland to London might have been performed in little more than four hours! From various causes, however, that was impossible, as from the nature of the curves and gradients on some parts of the way, it was not deemed advisable to proceed at any rate approaching that velocity."

SHOCKING STEAM BOAT ACCIDENT.—On Monday night, about eight o'clock, as the *Moonlight* steamer, was leaving the Hungerford floating pier, the rope which fastened the boat to the barge was, through the gross negligence of the company's servants, neglected to be unloosed. The consequence was, the rope attached to the boat was forced loose, and catching the legs of a boy named Purcell, who was sitting upon the coil of it, drew him with dreadful violence against the bulwarks of the vessel, instantaneously wrenching his leg in two, the amputated part dropping into the river. A consultation of surgeons took place in Charing-cross hospital, where the boy was conveyed, when it was decided that the only chance of saving the sufferer's life, was to amputate the leg, between the knee and ankle. The lad bore the operation with great fortitude. The poor boy remains in a very precarious state.

FATAL HORSE ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday night an accident, by which Mr. Henry Bromley, the landlord of the Brecknock Arms Tavern, New Camden-town, lost his life, occurred near Holloway. He was returning from Barnet race, on horseback, and on turning an angle in the road, at Holloway, his horse suddenly shied and became restive, and Mr. Bromley was thrown from his seat, and fell over its head on to some granite stones. Assistance was immediately rendered, but the injuries he had received were of such a violent nature as to cause his death shortly afterwards.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—“Miles.” Sandhurst.—The entertaining collection of original positions by Mr. R. A. Brown, of Leeds, may be had in Leeds, of Slocombe and Sims, or in London, of Hastings, Carver-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields. Both the positions referred to by “Miles” first appeared in Mr. Brown's work, as did the following:—Place the White King at his R 7th—R at K 8th—R at K B 7th—B at K 4th, and Pawn at K Kt 2nd—Black King at K R 5th—Pawns at K Kt 6th and 5th. In this situation White is to move first and give mate with his Pawn in five moves. In the next let the pieces stand thus—White King at his own sq—Q at her sq—Ks at Q 2nd and Q B 5th—Black King at Q R 7th. White now engages to mate with the Queen in four moves without moving her. The last specimen we shall give is by the late Mr. C. Forth, of Waterford—White King at Q 6th—R at K R 7th—Black King at Q sq—Kt at K Kt 5th. Black moves first and White wins in eight moves.

“Gambit.”—The advance of the Queen's Pawn two squares at the 5th move of the Muzio Gambit was brought into vogue by Ghulam Kassim. We have been favoured with an ingenious variation on one of his games, by Herr Staudigl, for which we may, perhaps, find room next week.

“G. D.” Leeds.—See the solution in our present No.

“Alpha.”—The solution alluded to never reached us. No. 82 is correct.

“S. H. G.” Bridport.—We are overwhelmed with applications of the same kind. The diagram sent shall, however, be looked to immediately.

“94” is thanked, but we must decline all problems which come unaccompanied by their solutions.

“Trotty Vek.”—The positions by Ercole dal Rio are “beautiful exceedingly,” they are however too well known to require reprinting.

“Agnes.”—It is true that both La Bourdonnais and McDonnell died comparatively young, but it should be remembered that Greco Legalle, Philidor, and Mr. Cunningham, the editor of *Horace*, and one of the first players in Europe, all lived to an advanced age.

“T. W. R.”—In the “Philosophical Magazine” for April, 1840, you will find a capital article, by Dr. Roget, on the Knight's grand tour over the chess-board—a problem which has excited the attention of Euler, Bernoulli, Maran, Demolivre, Montmort, Willis, and Roget. For Sir Frederick Madden's beautiful essay on the chess-men discovered in the Isle of Lewis see the first volume of the “Chess-Player's Chronicle.”

“Book-Worm.”—A copy of Selenus might be obtained at the great fair at Leipzig for about a fourth the amount you would have to pay for one here. The chief collector of chess-books, ancient and modern, in Germany, is Dr. Biedow of Berlin.

“C.” Great Crosby.—The address has been forwarded, and the postage stamps, which were quite unnecessary, returned.

“C. R. L.”—Received with thanks.

“A Curious Impertinent” must be patient. We have already been at the pains of examining, within the last few weeks, above one hundred “original problems” sent to this paper for insertion, and, of these, there are not half-a-dozen deserving publicity.

Solutions by “Peripatetic,” “H. P.,” “X,” “W. W. T.,” “P. B.,” “E. S.,” “G. P.,” “D.,” “A Member of the E. Club,” “C. G.,” “R. A.,” “F. G.,” “Novice,” “A. S. M.,” “R. T.,” “Kate Clifford,” are correct. Those by “W.,” “S. S. M.,” “Voice of Foney,” “Esther,” “Un Principiante,” are wrong.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM, No. 82.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to B's 3rd	K to Kt 4th
2. P to Q B's 4th	K to R's 5th or *
3. P to K's 3rd	K to Kt 4th
4. K to Kt 3rd	K to B's 4th
5. K to R's 4th	K to his 5th
6. B to Kt 6th (mate)	

* 2. K to B's 4th

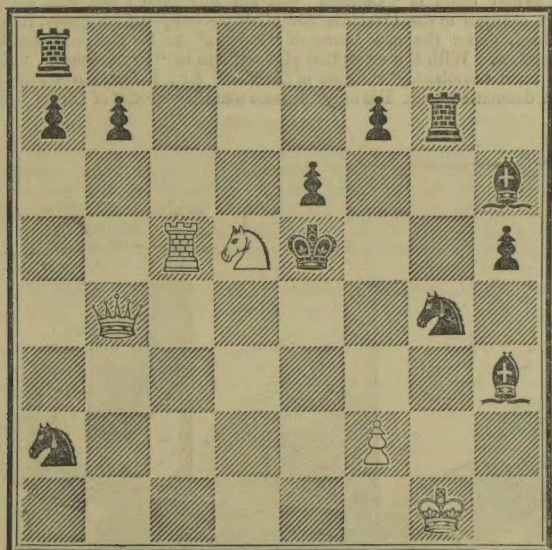
K to Kt 4th

PROBLEM, No. 83.

(From a MS. Collection of Problems, in the Possession of Mr. LEWIS.)

White to play first and mate in five moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

GAME No. 21.

Played at New Orleans between M. Rousseau and M. Schulten of New York.

BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)
1. K P two	K P two	18. K to his B 2d	K R to B sq (ch)
2. K B P two	P takes P	19. K to his 3d	K B to R 3d (ch)
3. K B to Q B 4th	Q checks	20. K to Q 4th	K R to Q sq (ch)
4. K to B sq	K Kt P two	21. K to Q B 3d	K B to Kt 2d (ch)
5. Q Kt to B 3d	K B to Kt 2d	22. K to Q Kt 3d	R to Q 5 h
6. Q P two	Q P one	23. Q B to his 3d	Q B to Q R 5th (ch)
7. K P one	P takes P		
8. P takes P	K Kt to K 2d	24. K to Q R 3d	R takes Kt
9. Q Kt to K 4th	B to K Kt 5th	25. B takes B	Q B takes Q B P
10. K Kt to B 3d	Q Kt to Q 2d	26. Q Kt P one	Kt to K B 5th
11. K P one	P takes P	27. K Kt P one	Kt to Q 6th
12. K B takes P	Castles on Q side	28. K R to K B sq	R to K 3d
13. K B tks Kt (ch)	R takes B	29. K R to B 6th	R to K 5th
14. Q takes R (ch)	B takes Q	30. R to B 8th (ch)	K to Q 2d
15. Kt takes Q	P takes Kt	31. Q R to K B sq	Q Kt P two
16. Q B takes P	Kt to K Kt 3d	32. K R to B 5th	R to Q R 5th (ch)
17. Q B to Q 2d	Q B to Q Kt 4th (ch)	33. P takes R	Q Kt P one

* Well played.

† This is not a good move.

‡ Threatening mate next time.

§ The only move on the board to prevent immediate checkmate.

|| The opening of this game is smartly played by Black; but his opponent contrives to turn the tables on him latterly, and to terminate the contest by a very neat and scientific coup de grace.

SUICIDE BY A YOUNG GIRL.—On Saturday Mr. Baker held an inquest at the King William IV. Vaughan terrace, City-road, on the body of Miss Sarah Bestow, aged twenty, a straw bonnet-maker. Master Frederick Bestow, of Windsor-street, said deceased was his sister, and had formed an attachment, with the approbation of the family, with a young man of respectability, son of a tradesman in Coram-street, named Funncliffe, with whom she lived on Wednesday. Her father and mother, and Miss Funncliffe, went that evening to Dalston, and deceased declined going with them. Her lover left for the Borough at the same time, saying he would meet her on his return at a friend's house in the City-road. In the meantime witness returning home from his employment, and going into his mother's bedroom to wash his hands, saw deceased, as he thought, standing with her back against the wall, and surprised that she did not answer him he looked more closely, and saw that she was partially suspended from the cornice of the bed by means of a rope, fastened round her neck. Her feet touched the ground, but her knees were bent forward. He cut her down, but she was quite dead, though warm.—By the Coroner: My sister's temper was variable, sometimes depressed, and sometimes quite the contrary. My mother has a brother now in the Brompton Hospital, and she had two others who died insane. Mr. Bestow, father of deceased, said he had approved of her marriage with Mr. Funncliffe, and knew of no obstacle to its accomplishment. He was a little surprised that she had refused to accompany him on the fatal evening to Dalston, and it was evident, from her change of dress, that she had contemplated going out to meet her lover as appointed. Verdict:—“Temporary Insanity.”

A RAMBLE IN THE REALMS OF CHAT.

Although we could have wished a little better weather to our friends in Germany, yet upon the whole, they have had the lion's share of the sun, and the rest has been made up in illuminations.

From hill to hill the fires flew,
Along the kindling Rhine,
From north to south, from east to west,
You saw in candles shine;
And bits of light, like little stars,
The windows all were stuffing;
So very, very bright, as if
They never wanted snuffing.

There might have been some jets of gas
Among those little gleamers,
But everywhere you saw them pass
Among the boats and steamers;
These fiery spirits warm'd the air,
You couldn't feel a shiver,
Altho' they threaten'd, then and there,
To set light to the river.

The river? Yes! and more than that,—
Ha! not the river only,—
For overhead they blazed about
Together—no one lonely!
But all in groups of mimic stars,
A-shaking and a-shinin'
And looking down to see themselves
A-playing all the Rhine in.

Well, on and on they frisk'd about,
Higher they soar'd and higher,
Ten million million lights, until
'Twas clearly raining fire;
But had it then rain'd cats and dogs,
Those lights nor dog nor cat must fear—
Oh, what a wonder they did not
Set fire to the atmosphere!

True for ye! true for your reader's honour! as Pat would say. There really was just such a blaze of fireworks and illuminations. Crags and jutting rocks—castles and hamlets—cities and streams—the river and the craft on it—the sky and the stars in it—the old valleys and the everlasting hills—alive, all alive—nothing less—with the very spirit of lustre. How the little myriads were ever lit is a marvel; they must have exhausted the lucifer-matches of Germany; but they did their work bravely, and poured a stream of dazzling beauty over land and sky.

God bless her Majesty! her enjoyment has been delightful, and all who have gone with her have seen wonderful things.

Our very hearts are tingling with the idea of the musical celebrations.

Dear Bonn on the Rhine,
It's all very fine,
But we wish we were at you,
To gaze on your Statue;
And listen to Liszt in
His music, and listen;
While, Spohr's spirit o'er us,
Made both our eyes porous,
With tears of delight, yes
We long for the sight—yes!

But we can't have it. Yes we can! have it reflected—reflected handsomely and brilliantly in the pages of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS. As for our musical department—we mean that part of it which narrates the triumphs of the festival—we must not speak to the order of our printing, for ever since it arrived our office has been full of fuses and symphonies—our composers are singing masses, our desks are playing like church organs, and all the round “Oh's” in our cases are turned into notes of admiration!

Our domestic news is not much, but we jog on, and the railway spirit keeps alive. Theatres also are pretty active, as the Pennsylvanians can't say of their funds; but the Opera closes, and with it, the most charming and intellectual source of delight and enchantment in London. The season, however, has been a glorious one for all parties, manager and public; and if some tribute of approval were presented to Mr. Lumley, it would not be an ungrateful reward for his splendid festivals of Opera, and that dazzling “Pas de Quatre,” which lanced its way out of our own pages into the world of politics and fun. Fashion and Taste may restore their order of merit, as well as Waterloo; and the elevating influences are much better than “those which kill.”

A circumstance has attracted some attention in the week's intelligence which it as well not to overlook. A barrister has sent about canvassing for the votes of a constituency for the office of Judge in a Court of Requests. This is a pretty little episode of visible degradation both of the office and the canvasser, which will tend to diminish any regret the Press may be thought to have felt at the non-intimacy of its association with the Bar.

Meanwhile other canvassing goes on beautifully, and Southwark is shaking its soul to its centre over an earthquake of politics. The question is—

Molesworth? or Miall? or Pilcher?
Who'll of the Borough be flicher?
One party turn to and deny all
That Pilcher is better than Miall.
One says there is no sack-of-coal's-worth
To choose betwixt Miall and Molesworth.
So Molesworth, and Miall, and Pilcher,
Are all daggers drawn, to the hilt, sure!

We say, may the best man win.

Nothing new from India; but the cholera is raging in the Punjab, and we hope the Overland Mail has brought none of it over with the letters. America has consummated her appropriation of Texas; and all our present consolation for that daring act is that she sends us over lots of Wenham Ice and pine apples for West-end purchase by the thirsty loungers—the ice at a halfpenny a lump, and the pine apples at a penny a slice. She generally manages to mix up her delicacies with our wrongs. When the Boundary Question was going wrong with us, she informed us of “mint julep;” for the Pennsylvanian Bonds, we had “sherry cobbler;” now ice and pineapples for Texas; and if she seizes upon Oregon, we suppose we shall have brandy syllabubs, or buffalo soup!

THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Bonn, Thursday.

I forwarded to you full reports* of the festivities up to Tuesday night, and for your later editions, you will also have received by express brief accounts up to this evening. I will now endeavour to complete the history of this interesting meeting. The second Concert, on Tuesday night, was announced to commence at four o'clock, and actually began at a little after five. Although many persons had departed for Cologne, to witness the illuminations on the Rhine, the Beethoven Hall was attended by at least 2000 amateurs. The programme stood thus:—

No. 1: Overture to “Coriolanus.” No. 2: The Canon from “Fidelio.” No. 3: Pianoforte Concerto in E Flat; played by Dr. Liszt. No. 4: Introduction Nos. 1 and 2 from the “Mount of Olives.” No. 5: Symphony in C Minor. No. 6: Quartet No. 10; executed by Herr Hartmann, Derkmann, Weber, and Breuer. No. 7: The Second Finale from “Fidelio.”

All the above compositions were by Beethoven, and the programme formed as it were illustrations of every style in his musical career. Spohr conducted everything except the C Minor Symphony, which was under the baton of Liszt. This marvellous work was admirably executed under his masterly direction. This opinion we have the honour to share with Spohr, who is ordinarily not easily moved, but he declared to me with much energy that he was delighted with the spirit, free from extravagance, and accuracy of Liszt's conducting. I am anxious to make known the judgment of Spohr, because I remarked that the Moscheles and Young England party were indulging in sneers at the Hungarian pianist. At the same time we must admit that the German execution of the C Minor, although marked with a better observance of the pianos than at our Philharmonic, and in reading displayed more colouring, was on the whole inferior to the Conservatoire in Paris, and to Costa's band at the opera. The principal defect was in the Scherzo; but the lovely Andante in E Flat, and the magnificent March in C Major, were nobly rendered. The impetuosity of the players towards the end was replete with fine enthusiasm, which communicated itself irresistibly to the delighted auditory. The E Flat was exquisitely played by Liszt, who reverentially adhered to Beethoven's text. The wonderful mechanism of Liszt, that has never yet been approached, was associated with a poetical delicacy valued all praise. At every movement the hall rang with cheering, and the band saluted him with a grand flourish of drums and trumpets. Spohr, who conducted, warmly congratulated him at the conclusion of his unrivalled achievement.

The splendid vocalization of Mdle. Tucek and Herr Staudigl in the famous “Fidelio Canon,” was ruined by the inefficiency of the others. The celebrated Mantius, from Berlin, was to have sung in it, and also in the selection from the “Mount of Olives,” but he absented himself, as it was reported, because he could not secure adequate terms. “Coriolanus” is No. 2 of Beethoven's clever overtures, Op. 62. In breadth of design and solemnity, it is scarcely inferior to the “Egmont.” The Quartet, No. 10, Op. 74, in E Flat, is called the harp one, from the frequent use of the pizzicato. It was superbly played, and enthusiastically applauded. The finale from “Fidelio” was well sustained by the chorus, especially the soprani; but the solo were very indifferent.

THE ILLUMINATIONS

The town was brilliantly illuminated on Wednesday night, but the majority of the visitors had gone to Cologne. The Town Hall, in the Market-place, the Beethoven Hall, the house of Count Von Fürstenberg-Stammheim on the Cathedral-square, the reputed domiciles of Beethoven, were the most remarkable. Count Von Fürstenberg's house was one mass of light, with a transparency of the Statue. The two houses in the Bonn Gasse and the Rhein Strasse, the proprietors of which equally claim the honour of being Beethoven's birth-place, also displayed various devices. On the point of authenticity I think I can throw some light, from conversations I had with Dr. Ries (father of the late Ferdinand

Ries), Wegeler, and Schindler. It appears that the proprietor of the Bonn Gasse House is thoroughly disliked in the town, being a great usurer, and this dislike is so strong that the people will not admit his claims, although there is the balance of evidence to establish that Beethoven was born in the house, but a few months after his birth his father removed to the Rhein Strasse. Wegeler speaks quite confidently on the subject, and as Ries will give no decided opinion, I think the Bonn Gasse must be the locality. Bands of music paraded the streets, and played in the Market-place.

I went to a soirée to Simrock's, the great music publisher of Bonn, to listen to a rehearsal of the MS. “Cantata Campestre,” composed by Beethoven, now in the possession of Madame Oury. There is a lovely slow movement, and the whole is effective. It was intended to have been performed at Wednesday's Banquet, but, owing to the riot which took place, was not done. It will, however, be published at Bonn, arranged by Fetis, of the Brussels Conservatoire, with words by Professor Wolff.

THE LAST CONCERT.

The Künstler Concert, or artists' concert, the last of the musical performances, was announced for nine o'clock yesterday morning. On entering the Beethoven Hall I found it crowded to excess. To the left of the orchestra a stage had been erected, elegantly fitted up with glasses, carpets, state chairs, &c., for the expected visit of Royalty. Ten o'clock, however, having arrived, and the audience becoming impatient, Liszt began his “Festkantate,” composed in honour of Beethoven. It was, perhaps, fortunate that it was played once before the Royal visitors had arrived, as it was most imperfectly executed. At half-past ten o'clock the cheers of the audience, and the flourish from the band, announced the expected guests, who took their seats in the following order:—In the centre the Queen of England, with the Queen of Prussia on her right and the King of Prussia on her left. Next to the King Prince Albert, the Duchess of Anhalt-Dessau, and the Princess of Wirtemberg. Next to the Queen of Prussia, the Archduke Frederick of Austria, Prince William of Prussia, uncle to the King, the Prince Royal, Prince Frederick of Prussia, Prince William of Salm, and Prince Maximilian. Behind the Royal personages were the Earl and Countess of Westmoreland, the Countess of Gainsborough (who was mistaken for the Marchioness of Douro), the Earl of Liverpool, the Earl of Aberdeen, Baron Humboldt, Colonel Wyke, the Honourable Mr. Anson, the Honourable Mr. Fane, General Kaunitz, &c. Count Fürstenberg and Dr. Breidenstein supplied the party with programmes. A cry was then heard for the repetition of Liszt's Cantata, and the King of Prussia gave the signal to the composer to re-commence. His Prussian Majesty, by the way, shook hands familiarly with many of the lady chorus singers, who, we have already stated, were amateurs of Cologne and Bonn.

The scheme stood thus originally:—No. 1. Liszt's Cantata. No. 2. Violoncello Solo, played by Ganz. No. 3. “Die Thierlung der Erde,” by Haydn, to be sung by Staudigl. No. 4. Air by Mendelssohn, Mdle. Schloss. No. 5. Pianoforte Concerto of Weber, by Madame Pleyel. No. 6. Mozart's Air, out of “Cosi fan tutti,” by Fraulein Tucek. No. 7. Chorus for Male Voices, by Beethoven. No. 8. Air from “Fidelio,” by Miss Sabilla Novello. No. 9. Air of Liszt, sung by H. Gotze. No. 10. Violin Concerto, by Herr Möser. No. 11. “Adelaide,” by Fraulein Kratky. No. 12. Violoncello Solo, played by Franco Mendes. No. 13. Air, from Spohr's “Faust,” sung by Fraulein Sachs. And No. 14. Overture to “Egmont.”

The above selection, save the Cantata by Liszt, and the works by Beethoven, cannot be too severely censured. Out of the wide range of inspiration of that immortal composer surely it would have been more creditable to the artists to have gleaned, than to have chosen pieces by authors whose compositions were foreign to the object of the Festival. Liszt's Cantata was, of course, a graceful compliment from a generous artist, without whose munificence Bonn would have been without its Statue of Beethoven.

But in the scheme of “artists” came the intrigues, jealousies, and petty passions. Madame Pleyel wanted, at one time, to perform three times. Moscheles—who, in point of fact, had no more in common with Beethoven than the most obscure amateur who came here to do him honour—was indignant that he was not called upon to play. The friends of Madame Oury thought that, as she was German born, and had been an eloquent interpreter of the master mind, her claims had been slighted. Madame Dulcken imagined that, as she had given soirées, where Beethoven's music was chiefly executed, that she was overlooked. Charles Hallé is also a Beethovenite. However, Madame Pleyel alone gained the day, and of course the excluded were excited. As for the violinists, violoncellists, the hornplayers, flute soloists, &c., &c., they were innumerable. Could anything be more monstrous than two violoncello fantasias in one programme. Cherubini was once asked what could be worse than a flute solo, and replied a flute duo. He might have answered the same as regards Ganz and Franco Mendes. Of the above programme, however, Nos. 3, 6, 7, 9, and 13, were omitted. The Royal party stayed only to listen to Nos. 1, 14, 11, 2, 5, and 8—given in the order we have mentioned. After the Royal departure, which took place in decorous silence, Nos. 4, 10, and 12, concluded the Concert, the dinner hour having arrived; and a few dissentients alone of the immense assemblage expressing their discontent at the non-completion of this unsatisfactory programme.

The Cantata of Liszt is unquestionably a great work, and indicative of power not before evinced by this great artist. The theme which predominates reminds one of that in Mendelssohn's “Hymn of Praise,” although, when compared, a marked dissimilarity will be found. The Chorus opens piano, with the question for the reason of such an assemblage from mountain and vale? and the query is answered by the cry, that it is to celebrate the Festival of Genius. The poet, Professor O. L. B. Wolff, of the Jena University, has treated this subject very gracefully. “Genius,” he says, “in the Cantata, is the diamond of the ring that links man to God; and, whilst all things perish, Genius, in its works, is always true and great.” Liszt, after various choral passages, with introductory soli for the tenor and bass, has introduced, with admirable tact, a delicious adagio taken from one of Beethoven's trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. The instrumentation of this slow movement is enchanting, and was much applauded by the musicians and amateurs. The finale is brilliantly wound up with an outbreak of startling energy, in glory of Beethoven, and the room rang with acclamations. The Cantata is difficult, and required more rehearsals than it received for its due effect. Madame Pleyel's performance of Weber's “Concertstück” created a prodigious sensation, despite of the feeling that she ought to have introduced Beethoven. Her playing is as much distinguished for its poetry as for its mechanism. Spohr's conducting of the “Egmont” Overture was much cheered. Mdle. Kratky's singing of “Adelaide” was a complete failure. She sang horribly out of tune, and took the time too slow, to the evident discomfort of Liszt, who was the accompanist. Mdle. Schloss and Miss S. Novello displayed artistic qualities in their respective airs. The Fantasia of Ganz was on themes from Mozart's “Don Juan;” that of Möser, a promising pupil of De Beriot, on Weber's “Der Freyschütz;” and Mendes's was on Rossini's. The latter was hissed, although a fine executant; and some of the band tore up their parts, such was their hatred to Italian music. The Concert was altogether most unsatisfactory, and unworthy of the occasion; and will certainly shine with disastrous lustre in the annals of the Beethoven Inauguration.

THE BANQUET.

After the concert of Wednesday morning, a great dinner was given at the “Gasthof zum Goldenen Stern,” on the Markt Place, of which Schmitz is the polite, active, and intelligent proprietor. The Committee of Management invited guests from the artists and foreigners, and the selection of the remainder of the company was also vested in their hands. Nearly 500 persons sat down to dinner. At the upper end of the room a large portrait of Beethoven was seen just under the Music Gallery, in which a military band was stationed. Amongst the company were seen Spohr at the head of one table, Liszt at the second, and Dr. Breidenstein at the third, supported by a host of titled Germans, Italians, Poles, Frenchmen, &c. Amongst the artistic, literary, and diplomatic persons, were Sir G. Smart, Moscheles, Crevelli, Ferreri, Handel Gear, Mr. Gardiner of Leicester, Mr. Oury, Madame Oury, Wilde, Hogarth, Grunelsen, Chorley, French Flowers, Robinson, Mr. Dulcken, Madame Dulcken, C. Kenney, Miss S. Novello, &c., from England. From France, Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia (sister of the Malibran); Madame Pleyel, the pianist; Berlioz, the celebrated composer and musical critic of the *Débat*; Felicien David of the “Desert,” who came to beg pardon of Beethoven that Berlioz had compared his work with the “Pastorale;” Jules Janin, the witty feuilletoniste of the *Débat*, who amazed Spohr by congratulating him on the “Missa Solemnis” in D of Beethoven, which our friend Janin, who is not strong in musical lore, pronounced to be a “charming” work; Charles Hallé, the pianist; Elviart, of the *Presse*; Fiorentino, of the *Corsaire*, *Satan*, and *Constitutionnel*; Schlesinger, the musical publisher; the Chevalier Pignean; Franco Mendes; Vivier, the horn-player, &c. From Belgium—Fets and his son, of the Brussels Conservatoire; Jules Gilmes, &c. From St. Petersburg—Grech, the Russian editor. From Berlin—Reibstah, the critic. From Coblenz—the veteran Wegeler. From Vienna—Schindler, the historian of Beethoven. From Stuttgart—Lindpainter, the composer; besides Pischeke, Staudigl, Beyer, Mantius, Mdle. Schloss, Henry Lind, and Tucek.—From Berlin; Meyerbeer; Wieprecht, the director of the Military Bands of Prussia; Ganz, Blas, and Madame Meerti Blas; Lola Montes, the Spanish danseuse; Fischhoff Smets, Taglischcheck, Von Vesque, &c. The dinner commenced at two o'clock, and an indication was afforded that smart firing in the way of toasts, was to be anticipated by a general order for champagne, the bottles being decorated with Beethoven's portrait in Prussian blue. Indeed, statuettes of the composer appeared in every sugared variety. The toasts did not take place after the dinner, but between the courses. Thus a member of the Committee after the second round, rose, and eulogised the character of the King of Prussia, which was well received. It had been arranged that the principal toasts should be introduced by speeches from Professor Wolff, who discourses eloquently, and has a marvellous gift of improvisation. This plan, however, proved to be unfortunate. The poet was quite happy in his speeches relative to Spohr and Liszt; but when he referred to Dr. Breidenstein, the unanimous cheering that had attended the former was changed to signs of disapprobation. “The Memory of Schiller,” from Wolff, was well responded to, as was that of “Goethe,” from a celebrated Hanoverian Deputy. The “Queen of England” came late, and only after it had been suggested to Liszt and Spohr by your correspondent and other Englishmen. The toast was, however, much cheered, as was that subsequently of “Prince Albert.” But an orator with a croaking voice, and Dr. Breidenstein, met with no sympathy but much merriment. Liszt, in proposing the “Foreigners who came to the Festival,” compromised himself by an eloquent tribute to England for what had been done for Beethoven. He omitted to specify “France” particularly, and this was resented by Chelard, a Frenchman by birth, but now a resident in Germany. A great storm arose, but was allayed, after a spirited explanation from Liszt. By this time, as the Germans had taken two or three glasses of champagne, they became excited and unruly, and on Wolff rising for the fourth time, a dead set was made at him by a knot of persons, who were joined in the outcry by individuals who fancied that they had not been sufficiently signalled and honoured by the Committee. At length, after some personal collisions, the most refractory interrupter was turned out, but it was too late to restore harmony, and angry groups were formed. A dead set was then most unfairly made at

Liszt, who has conducted himself as a high-minded and gentleman-like artist throughout the meeting. The scene, altogether, was one of great confusion, and the worst episode of the Inauguration.

The Ball at the Beethoven Hall in the evening was brilliantly attended, but, with the exception of the dancing of Lola Montes, and the pertinacity of an Englishman, who insisted on his right to dance in spurs, the affair was rather flat. The rain came down in torrents during the evening.

THE UNMASKING OF THE STATUE.

A POEM OF THE BEETHOVEN
FESTIVAL.

Silent the sculpture stood,
Which millions long'd to hail,
Masked in a dark'ning mantle there—
The Spirit with its veil!
And there—round Genius' shrine—
The world's proud rulers trod;
To gaze upon the Crown divine,
And see the un-robed God!

The Majesty of Mind was throned
Before the human race
As in a cloud!—they could but see
Its solemn resting place!
But far above them rose
The image of the King
Who built his palace in the Soul,
And heard its angels sing!

Whose Eagle braved the storm,
And when the sky was riven,
Gave ear unto the Mighty Choir
And winged the strains from Heaven!

'Till earth, with echoing heart
Caught up those wondrous airs,
And sang the holy music back
In glory and in prayers!

Yes! he who took—as all must take—
Their glory from above,
Gave back some of his mighty gifts—
Mind-missions of his love!

He knows how Inspiration's strength
Was born in that abode—
From God the glowing genius came,
And up to God it strode!

An imaged Immortality
This hidden Sculpture stood.
The million worshippers throng round,
And long to raise the hood,
The mantle, and the veil,
With many a winding fold;—
Hark! hark! the music—voices sweet—
The sun shines out! Behold!

Behold the Statue reared—
Full on its lofty shrine!—
A Godhead speaking in the face
That Genius made divine.
Thought, Mind, and Passion—stately flow'rs
Upon a lordly stem—

* Some of Beethoven's sacred compositions were among his most magnificent.



*if Henry
Beethoven*

And ruled and Rulers of the Earth
Are bowing now to them.

And wild strains swell the air,
Such as HE struck from soul,
And Music's lavish'd spirit there
Disdains its clay-control.
Up to the thrilling joy
The crowd of hearts is given;

And all the earth around seems
struck,

As with a flash of Heaven!

So genius wins its meed!—

The love of all its kind,

The homage of a nation's heart,

The poetry of mind!

The pride of monarchs' thrones,

Who see its trophy won,

And bow while all their people crown
Its glory in the sun!

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

There, reader, is the master-mind of his age! You gaze upon the features of Beethoven. You see him in the very act of writing the "Missa Solemnis" in D, that sublime work, which some of the most distinguished composers, instrumentalists, vocalists, amateurs, and critics, on the 10th of this month, at Bonn, pronounced to be the finest composition ever given to the world. Creative genius, imaginative vein, striking originality, and endless invention, were the great attributes of Beethoven. His great mind is now universally recognised. The inferiority of knowledge which at first pronounced his later works as incomprehensible, has given way to a community of sentiment, and faith is now firm in the estimate of his grand works. The Choral Hymn of Joy found sympathetic auditors, as well as his last Mass. His subtle and complex combinations, puzzling to the superficial, are now thoroughly comprehended, and his daring innovations in inventive compositions no longer declared to be the mysteries of a madman. Beethoven was born in Bonn, on the 17th of December, 1770.

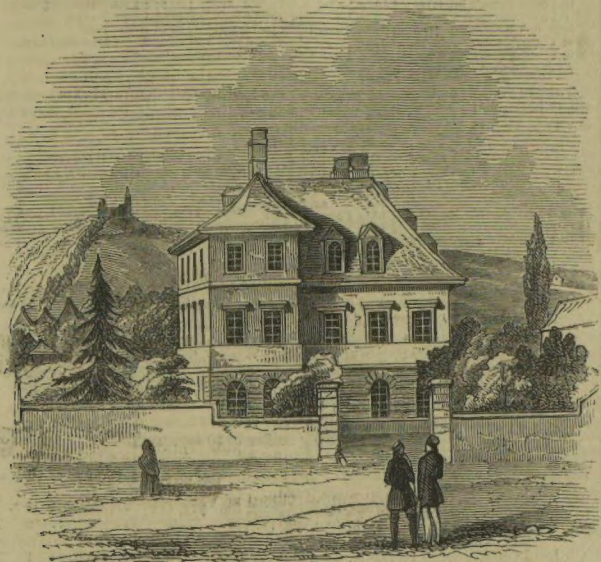
His father, John van Beethoven, is supposed to have been of Dutch origin, from the *Van* instead of *Von* being affixed to the surname. John was a tenor singer, and lived at No. 515 in the Baungasse, and No. 934 in the Rheingasse; but we believe that the former was the place of the birth of Ludwig, whose first instructor was Van der Eden, the Court organist, and, after his death, Neefe. Little is known of Beethoven's youth, as Ries declares that his father was in bad repute. Ludwig at twelve years of age played Bach's fugues. In 1790 he paid a visit at Vienna to Mozart, who predicted his future fame, being astounded at the facility with which Beethoven worked out a double fugue. In 1793 he was appointed Honorary Organist by the Elector, who gave him a pension to study under Haydn; but, as the latter went to London, Albrechtsberger became the master of Ludwig, who soon distinguished himself at Vienna by his talents for improvisation, and obtained the reputation of a first-rate pianist. The death of the Elector of Cologne, in 1801, deprived Beethoven of his pension, and his difficulties and early deafness caused his disgust for society.

His first opera of "Leonora" was not successful; but, with subsequent changes in the Overture and other pieces by the composer, it was destined, under the new name of "Fidelio," to be the most popular production. With the exception of Overtures to "Prometheus," "Egmont," "Coriolanus," "Ruins of Athens," &c., Beethoven wrote no more dramatic music. His only Oratorio was the "Mount of Olives." His



THE INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF BEETHOVEN, AT BONN.

Masses in C and D are the only two in existence. His Symphonies were nine in number. About 140 of his productions are in print, the instrumental forming the greater portion. With all these grand inspirations, his existence was precarious, and he lived in a constant state of fear that he should die in poverty and want. For some time he resided at the pretty village of Baden, a short distance from Vienna. Beethoven was never married. He adopted a nephew, whose conduct was a source of perpetual sorrow to him. He was drawn from his seclusion in 1824 by a Concert given on his behalf by the Viennese aristocracy, and the Philharmonic Society forwarded to him a remittance of £100. In December, 1826, he caught cold, which was succeeded by inflammation in the lungs, and on the 26th of March, 1827, he expired, in the midst of a great hurricane.



PRINCE ALBERT'S RESIDENCE, AT BONN.

He left but £1000 in fortune, a sum which might well justify his apprehensions of poverty. He was reconciled to Hummel on his death-bed. Beethoven never had but two pupils—the Archduke Rodolph, and Ferdinand Ries. His funeral was attended by 30,000 persons, and Mozart's "Requiem" was executed. He was buried in the Cemetery of Wharing, near Vienna, and shortly afterwards a monument was erected to his memory.

RESIDENCE OF PRINCE ALBERT AT BONN.

At the extremity of the University-street, just at the angle of the Cathedral, opening on the noble avenue of chesnuts, stands a house isolated from the surrounding buildings. Our artist describes the edifice accurately. It was this modest mansion which was inhabited by Prince Albert during his studies at Bonn. On the day of the Inauguration, after the ceremonial of the unveiling was over, her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince Consort, the King of Prussia, &c., visited the residence. Her Majesty went over all the rooms, archly inquiring at the same time as to the mode of life observed by her *cara sposa*. The Royal visitors walked for some time in the garden, where two ladies from Cologne, who were known to the King of Prussia, were promenading. The Queen spoke with great affability, and asked several questions as to the customs of the students.

INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF BEETHOVEN.

Our Sketch was taken at the moment when the white cloth was removed from the Statue in the Cathedral Square, at a signal given by Dr. Breidenstein, the President of the Committee. A discharge of cannon, and musketry, and the shouts of the enormous assemblage were heard at the unveiling. The Queen, Prince Albert, and the King and Queen of Prussia, were in the balcony of Count Fürstenburg's house.

•• The scene of the annexed Illustration, the Inauguration of the Statue of Beethoven, was detailed last week.



CONCERT AT THE BEETHOVEN HALL.

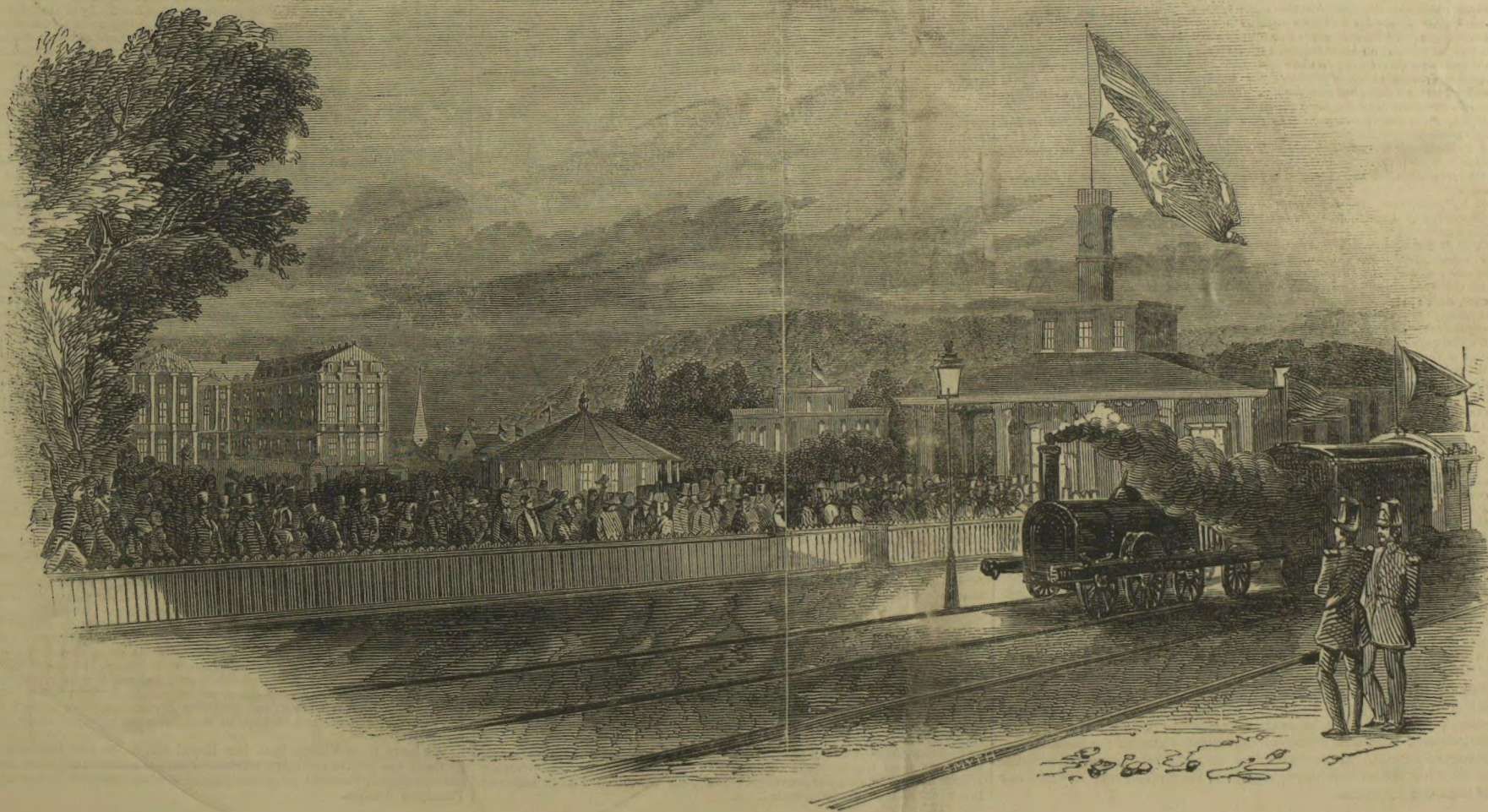
HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO GERMANY.

We resume our Illustrations with the scene of her Majesty's Arrival at the Railway Station at Brühl, fully detailed in our Journal of last week. In the left-hand distance are shown the Royal palace, the church, and town, of Brühl; and to the left is a handsome pavilion; and in the foreground is the railway station, upon which waves the national flag of Prussia.

Our next Illustration represents the Grand Military Concert, given in front of the Palace of Brühl, on the arrival of her Majesty. Not less than 600 musicians, composed of thirty of the bands of different regiments in the Prussian service, joined their efforts to produce a concert, or musical salute of welcome. The effect of such an enormous mass of sound, regulated, as it was, by the finest musical taste, and accom-

plished with the most perfect precision of execution, was more grand than any to which we are ordinarily accustomed. The accessories and associations connected with the occasion added still more to the interest of the scene. This monster band performed the English National Anthem and "Rule, Britannia," besides some of the marches of Beethoven and Meyerbeer, and some of the National Prussian airs. They also beat the tattoo in the Prussian fashion. Among the vast body of musicians there was an enormous number of drummers, whose skilful playing produced an effect that we do not often associate with the idea of that instrument. The execution was so perfect, that a complete gradation of musical sounds was kept up, from the softest of the *piano* up to the most deafening *forte* that was ever inflicted on mortal ears. Great crowds of people were assembled around the Palace, by whom the Queen and her Royal host were enthusiastically cheered. Her Majesty, after listening for some time to this new kind of military concert—

(Continued on page 120.)



ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY AT BRÜHL.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, August 24.—14th Sunday after Trinity.—St. Bartholomew.
 MONDAY, 25.—Battle of Cressy, 1346.—Revolution at Brussels, 1830.
 TUESDAY, 26.—Prince Albert born, 1819.—Battle of Dresden, 1813.
 WEDNESDAY, 27.—Admiral Blake died, 1657.—Siege of Algiers, 1816.
 THURSDAY, 28.—St. Augustine.—Municipal Corporations Bill passed, 1835.
 FRIDAY, 29.—St. John Baptist beheaded.—Royal George founded, 1792.
 SATURDAY, 30.—Great Fire at Constantinople, 1833.—Whig Ministry resigned, 1841.

High Water at London-bridge, for the Week ending August 30.

Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h. m. 7 3	h. m. 7 22	h. m. 7 59	h. m. 8 36	h. m. 9 16	h. m. 9 57
h. m. 10 37	h. m. 11 15	h. m. 11 51	h. m. 12 28	h. m. 1 00	h. m. 1 21
h. m. 2 03	h. m. 2 21	h. m. 2 39	h. m. 2 57	h. m. 3 15	h. m. 3 33

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Subscriber," Manchester.—Prince Alfred Ernest Edward, the youngest of the Royal Family, was born August 6, 1844.
 "A Constant Reader" will find the tenets of the Swedenborgians explained in No. 122 of our journal, page 144. The study of shells is termed conchology. We cannot spare room to reply to our correspondent's other four (!) questions.
 "A Tyro,"—Colonel Hawker's "Instructions to Young Sportsmen" is an excellent practical work, in its eighth edition. Captain Lacy's "Modern Shooter" is likewise a work of merit; but the former has our preference.
 "A Subscriber from the commencement."—See the accounts of Jersey and Sark in No. 143 of our journal: the income named will suffice.
 "Elda,"—To obtain an order to view the Royal Palaces our correspondent may address an application to the Secretary to the Lord Chamberlain, accompanied by proper reference or introduction.
 "T. W. R.,—Queen-square."—Declined, with thanks.
 "H. S.,—Regent's-park."—The engravings of Gotha and Coburg, from his Royal Highness Prince Albert's beautiful drawings, will not be obtainable detached from our journal.
 "A Poor Scholar," Sheffield.—Cicero's oration, "Pro Plancio," by Wunder, may be purchased separately from his other works.
 "J. T.,—Leeds."—The address of Mr. Bencroft, patentee of the new hames, is Brighton.
 "Astrop," near Banbury, will not be liable to extra duty, or to penalty, provided the horse be not lent upon hire.
 "A. A. C.,—Taunton," is thanked for the sketch.
 "A Cruelkerne Correspondent," Birkenhead, and "A Kirkdale Correspondent,"—From 130 to 150 boys are admitted annually into Christ's Hospital, and lists of governors who have presentations for the year may be obtained at the hospital in the early part of each year.
 "One of our Oldest Subscribers."—We do not perceive the applicability of his remarks.
 "R. S."—In playing quoits the nearest of the quoits to the hob, (or iron pin driven into the ground), are reckoned towards the game.
 "F. W. B.,—There is no specific punishment provided by law for the breach of confidence in question.
 "Yorkshire Bites," Sheffield.—Aid's Self-Instructing French Grammar, "Cobbett's French Grammar" is a sound work of its class. In reply to our correspondent's second question, "Why hollow pillars bear a greater weight than solid ones?" because the substance, standing further from the centre, resists with a larger lever. (See also "Penny Cyclopædia," art. Materials, Strength of.)
 "J. C. B.,—Baldock," may venture to address a letter of inquiry to the Under Secretary of State for the Home Department.
 "A. G.,—Householders only are liable to serve on a coroner's jury.
 "Beatrice," Kennington, is recommended to order our Journal of Mr. Bowdler, news agent, Edinburgh.
 "T. H. B.,—St. Paul's."—It will be requisite to obtain the interest of one or more of the directors of the London Dock Company.
 "J. K.,—New York."—The sketch is useless; its transmission cost us 8d. postage.
 "Miranda," Curzon.—Our Chess Department was unavoidably omitted last week.
 "G. R. W.,—Edmonton," is thanked; but we have not room.
 "G. G. H.,—who is about to proceed to the Island of Mauritius," may take out, with advantage, cotton goods, woollen cloth, hats, iron and steel implements, &c. (See art. "Mauritius," in the "Penny Cyclopædia," an excellent geographical authority.)
 "C. K.,—Brandon."—We have not at hand the parliamentary return of the relative number of persons killed by railway and coach travelling in question by our correspondent.
 "Anonymous," Ireland.—The railway fares from Liverpool to London are 43s. 3d., and 17s. 11d.
 "R. P. B.,—We are not in possession of the relative dimensions of the kitchens at Trinity (?) and at Windsor.
 "A Constant Subscriber,"—Lithography is, perhaps, the best method for multiplying designs to so small a number as 100 or 150 copies.
 "Peregrinus's" paper on Ostend will not suit.
 "Kate,"—The belief that second cousins may not marry, though first cousins may, is a popular error. (See "Barrington on the More Ancient Statutes.")
 "John Curious."—The arms, as borne on the seal of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, are "Gu., three lions passant guardant or." There does not appear to be any motto to either the Duchy of Lancaster or the Bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry.
 "G. H.,—The South Wales Railway Bill received the Royal assent during the late session.
 "J. C.,—a subscriber, should refer to our last volume for the details of the Hungerford Suspension Bridge.
 "T. P.,—Southampton."—Rococo is a term introduced after the Paris Revolution of 1830, condemnatory of the old regime: thus, a Royalist would be called Rococo; or, in plain English, old-fashioned. In Fleming and Tibbins' "French Dictionary," quarto, we find Rococo to be characteristic of a bad style of ornament of the time of Louis XV.; also, burlesque satire.
 "D. U. P.,—We do not undertake to decide disputes at cards.
 "A Subscriber,"—Comte d'Orsay is the son of General d'Orsay, a distinguished officer, and representative of one of the oldest families of the French noblesse. His sister is the present Duchess de Grammont, and his nephew the Duc de Guiche.
 "Temple" (a subscriber from the first Number).—A person, A, having no armorial bearings of his own, is unable to bear his wife's arms at all, for, having no shield, he has no means of carrying his wife's escutcheon of pretence; nor can his son, for the same reason, though also married to an heiress, use either his mother's arms as a quartering, or his wife's, on an escutcheon. If A were entitled to arms he would carry the ensigns of his wife, the heiress, on an escutcheon of pretence, and the lady's arms would descend as a quartering to their son, who would add, on his marriage to an heiress, an escutcheon of pretence for her, which their descendants would inherit as an additional quartering. To set the matter right, A should apply to the Earl Marshal for a grant of arms.
 "E. E. P.,—Our correspondent's two questions may be answered in the affirmative.
 "A Subscriber," Cornhill, should inquire of any bookseller in his neighbourhood.
 "A Sherbornian."—The Small Debts Act came into operation a few days since.
 "F. H.,—Address, Railway Times Office, Fleet-street.
 "Downright," Dunstable.—See the "Portrait Illustrations of the Waverley Novels."
 "C. D.,—Barnsley."—The refusal would be illegal.
 "A Subscriber,"—The story of "England and France," originally published in our journal, may be had in a volume, at No. 194, Strand.
 "An Old Subscriber" had better consult a respectable solicitor on the will case, date 1711.
 "A Lady," Worcester.—We regret that we cannot spare room for the dates requested, which may be found in any almanack for the year.
 "Un Etranger à Londres."—See the Census of 1841, published in our journal—two Nos.
 "W. R.,—The population of the parish of Croydon, in 1841, was 16,712: the population of the town is not specified.
 "An Old Sub." is thanked for his facetious criticism, which has been referred to the designer.
 "An Irish Subscriber."—Splash-board is the usual term.
 "To a 149 Weeks Subscriber."—None of the Government annuities are payable quarterly.
 "H. C. Morris," Philadelphia.—The question put by our correspondent can only be properly solved by an actuary, who would charge a fee for his calculation.
 "J. B.,—Woolton-under-Edge."—The Bill in question was withdrawn, and the Commons Inclusion Bill, which was passed, was substituted for it.
 "R. H., jun.,—A knot is a mile by sea.
 "A Constant Subscriber," Nottingham.—Address, Weale, Architectural Library, Holborn.
 "J. J.,—The best source we know of is the University Calendars.
 "S. C.,—Manchester."—The address of the Guarantee Society is No. 28, Poultry.
 "Ineligible,"—Sonnet by H. C., Kennington.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO GERMANY.—We are compelled, by the number of illustrations of the Royal Progress to Stolzenfels, in the present Number, to defer the continuation of the Series of Views in Coburg and Gotha from His Royal Highness Prince Albert's Drawings. Next week, however, we shall be enabled to continue those highly interesting illustrations, with our Report of the Royal Visits to the several picturesque localities. At the same time, we shall resume our illustration of the Royal Route from Mayence to the romantic territory of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1845.

A FEW days previous to the close of the late Session of Parliament, Mr. Hume brought under the consideration of the House a subject, which, though not of the vital importance that generally appertains to the public questions usually discussed in the Legislature, is, however, vested with sufficient interest for the industrial classes of the community to warrant our directing attention to it. We refer to the free admission of the public to Cathedrals. The cultivation of taste—in other words, the development of that innate power of perception and admiration of the beautiful, as shown in the creations of genius, which is implanted in the human mind—even if it be effected but in a slight degree, gives greater elevation of thought, and a higher tone generally to the mental faculties, and is thus calculated to produce great advantages even of a physical kind; for the gin-shop or the gambling-table offer but little attraction for the dissipation of health and wealth to the man who can derive a purer gratification from the study of works of art, or the contemplation of the monuments of the Mighty Dead. The throwing open the magnificent Cathedrals of Great Britain to the public free from any pecuniary charge, would furnish to the humbler classes opportunities of that mental culture to which we allude; and we most earnestly hope that the laudable perseverance with which Mr. Hume has exerted himself to have that object accomplished, shall be attended with success.

Sir Robert Peel, in the observations which he made in reply to the honourable gentleman on the occasion alluded to, showed that he heartily approved of the free admission of the public to those sacred edifices; and he stated that, in consequence of a communication which he had had from the Dean of Westminster, he understood that the Abbey, with some special exceptions, was to be thenceforth thrown open to the public, without fee or payment being required. Since that a letter has appeared in the daily papers from Mr. Hume, which is accompanied by a note addressed to that honourable gentleman by the Dean of Durham, in which the Very Rev. Dignitary informs him that "the Cathedral of Durham has been open to the public for several hours a day for the last four years, without any payment being required from any one;" and that "not one instance of misconduct on the part of any one of the numerous visitors has come to his knowledge;" thus bearing out the opinion expressed both by Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Hume—that there is no ground whatever for the reason assigned to justify the exclusion of the public, viz., the apprehension that injury to the monuments of art which are deposited in the Cathedrals would result from the unrestricted admittance to them of the many. If, then, there remain any of the great temples of religion of which England may be so justly proud, still closed, as we fear the greater portion of them are, against the poor, we would impress on the respective Deans and Chapters that while they have no proofs that the people would misconduct themselves if freely admitted, there is abundant evidence to show that their demeanour would be marked by decorum and respect. It is, to say the least, very uncharitable to presume that because a man is poor, he must, therefore, necessarily be an ill-behaved, mischievous fellow; and lessons of uncharitableness should not come from the dignitaries of the Church.

By the late arrivals from America we learn that the consummation of one of the most extraordinary political steps ever taken by a free people has been lately effected in Texas.

The people of that country, on the 4th of July, it is stated, in Convention assembled, gave, at last, their unqualified assent to the incorporation of their State in the Union of the great American Republic—thus voluntarily giving up that independence which communities have in all ages so earnestly sought to obtain and preserve.

To declare that this voluntary surrender of the gem, generally purchased by nations at so much cost, is incompatible with wisdom, would be presumptuous in the extreme. The peculiar circumstances of Texas may render it consistent with the true interests of its people, to seek that strength and support in the bosom of the United States, which it, no doubt, so much needs, in common with all young States, and which they may see no prospect of its acquiring. It would be strange, indeed, if the Texans did not understand their own interests as well as other nations; and when we find that the Annexation is the will of the people generally (provided our informant, the *Washington Union*, speak the truth), we, who are remote from the scene, and can only acquire our information on the subject at second-hand, are bound to believe that it is done all for the best.

Whether the Mexicans, who still lay claim to Texas as a portion of their territory, will declare war against the contracting parties in this extraordinary union or not, is said to depend on the result of the Presidential election in Mexico. If the Mexicans are wise they will not embroil themselves with Jonathan. They may gratify their pride by engaging in hostilities with the people of the United States; but at the end of a few months they will find their pride shall have cost them dear—that they shall "have paid too dear for their whistle."

THE COURT AND HAUTON.

BIRTHDAY OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT.—The anniversary of the birthday of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, which this year fell on Sunday, was, on Monday evening, celebrated by her Royal Highness's tradespeople, &c., illuminating their houses in honour of the auspicious occasion.

THE QUEEN DOWAGER AT BRISTOL.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager arrived at Bristol by a special train, at three o'clock, on Wednesday, from Devonshire, and proceeded to visit Clifton. Notwithstanding the shortness of the notice, the station was handsomely carpeted and decorated, and the platform was crowded by elegantly-dressed ladies and gentlemen, by whom her Majesty was loudly cheered. Her Majesty was accompanied by the Duchess of Leiningen and the two Princesses of Saxe-Weimar, and was attended by Earl Howe, Earl Denbigh, and Dr. Davis, her physician in ordinary. The Queen Dowager returned to Busby Park from Bristol on Thursday afternoon.

CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

THE FOLLOWING gentlemen were yesterday elected to scholarships at Corpus Christi College:—Mr. William Ogle, from Rugby, on the Oxfordshire foundation; Mr. Charles Frederick Blackstone and Mr. Philip Lutley Sclater, both from Winchester, on the Hants foundation.

CAMBRIDGE.

THE BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH.—Dr. Carey, the Bishop of St. Asaph, has been much indisposed. The right reverend prelate, we regret to hear, is labouring under an attack of erysipelas, but no immediate danger is apprehended.

The Rev. George Dowty, curate of Todmorden, Lancashire, has been presented to the New District or Perpetual Curacy of Walsden, Diocese of Chester; patroness, the Queen.

THE LASH AT WOOLWICH.—On Wednesday morning another of these disgusting exhibitions took place in the Riding-house of the Royal Horse Artillery, Woolwich Garrison, upon gunner and driver Michael Stokes, 9th Battalion Royal Artillery, who was tried by garrison court-martial, found guilty of the crime of poisoning from his comrades regimental necessities, and sentenced to receive 150 lashes. At a quarter to seven o'clock in the morning the victim was tied up to the triangles. A few lashes rendered a healthy man's back one mass of wounds and blood, which caused the stoutest hearts to shudder. Several "young recruits" could not stand, and actually fell out of the ranks, and fainted on the spot. Old veterans, who have faced the cannon's mouth, without fear of death, could scarcely maintain their position in the ranks. The poor mutilated soldier received the whole of the number awarded.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.—Passing the Ebor and Great Yorkshire Stakes, in which scarcely anything was done, we confine this notice to the St. Leger, selecting Weatherbit, the Merry Monarch, and The Baron, as the three prominent favourites of the day; all were backed freely, nevertheless so considerable a portion of the money laid against Weatherbit came from quarters supposed to have an indirect communication with those who ought to know something about the stable, that we feel disposed to recommend the uninitiated to keep their eyes open. The Baron, Kedge, and Wood Pigeon were in favour: on the other hand, Dawson's two, Old England and Fantasia, were at a discount.

EBOR HANDICAP.		10 to 1 agst any other	
4 to 1 agst Castaway filly (t)		6 to 1 agst Annandale	
2 to 1 agst Miss Ellis (t)			
4 to 1 agst Forth's lot (t)	16 to 1 agst Annandale	30 to 1 agst Wood Pigeon (t)	
2 to 1 — the mares (t)	20 to 1 — The Baron	40 to 1 — Kedge (t)	
3 to 1 — Weatherbit (t)	25 to 1 — Old Ireland (t)	40 to 1 — Idas	
8 to 1 — Mentor	30 to 1 — The Pacha (t)	40 to 1 — Duc-an-Durras	
8 to 1 — Merry Monarch (t)	40 to 1 — Connaught Ranger		

No change in the Derby betting.

THURSDAY.—The absence of nearly all the leading speculators at York caused the business to be so flat, that, in appending a list of prices, we must forewarn our readers that they are purely nominal:—

GREAT YORKSHIRE.		8 to 1 agst Hope (t)	
7 to 4 agst Miss Ellis	4 to 1 — Annandale	12 to 1 — Jinglepot (t)	
25 to 1 agst Annandale winning this and the St. Leger (t)			
9 to 2 agst Forth's lot (t)	10 to 1 agst Mentor	35 to 1 agst Kedge (t)	
11 to 2 — Weatherbit (t)	15 to 1 — Annandale	40 to 1 — Connaught Ran-	
8 to 1 — Merry Monarch (t)	20 to 1 — The Baron	50 to 1 — Duc-an-Durras	
	25 to 1 — Old Ireland (t)		

YORK RACES.—WEDNESDAY.

The Dundas Stakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, with 30 added.
 Mr. A. W. Hill's Sweetmeat walked over
 Sweepstakes of 30 sovs each, 10 ft.
 Mr. R. W. Ramsay's br g Mid Lothian (Lye) 1
 Mr. L. Fox's ch c June 2
 The Free Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs each, with 50 added.
 Mr. Mostyn's b c Dean Swift, 3 years (Prince) 1
 Mr. Meiklam's br m Inheritance, 5 yrs 2
 The Colt Sapping Stakes of 50 sovs each.
 Mr. Jacques' ch c Spur walked over
 The Great Ebor Handicap Stakes of 200 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 20 sovs each.
 Lord Zetland's b f Coheiress, by Inheritance, four yrs, 6st .. (Abdale) 1
 Mr. T. Speed's gr h Everton, five yrs, 7st 7lb 2
 The Filly Stakes of 25 sovs each, 10 ft, with 20 added.
 Lord Chesterfield's ro Lolia, by Sheet Anchor (Nat) 1
 Mr. Salvin's bay, Marian Ramsay, by Physician 2
 Her Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for three-yr-olds and upwards.
 Mr. Cooke's b m The Shadow, aged (Lye) 1
 Captain Peyton's b c Magnet, three yrs 2

THURSDAY.

The Convivial Stakes of 30 sovs each.
 Mr. S. Rees's Alliance (Templeman) 1
 Mr. Hesselstine's Such-a-Getting-Up-Stairs 2
 The Chesterfield Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs each.
 Mr. Meiklam's Philip (Lye) 1
 Mr. Meiklam's Godfrey 2
 The Prince of Wales's Stakes of 10 sovs each, for two-year-olds.
 Mr. Ramsay's Malcolm (Lye) 1
 The Nimrod Stakes were won by Agriculture, beating the Muley Moloch mare (fel).

The County Cup of 150 sovs; two miles.

Mr. Ramsay's Midlothian (T. Lye) 1
 Sir C. Monck's Castaway filly 2

ISLE OF WIGHT REGATTA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The annual regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron has this year been distinguished by many contests of great interest, but the most sporting match of the season took place on Wednesday. It was got up on the spur of the moment on the evening preceding the match, at the Royal Thames Yacht Club House, where, on the instant, 70 guineas were subscribed for a piece of plate for the winner out of four yachts; the *Belvidere*, the *Blue Belle*, the *Fawn*, and the *Secret*.

The *Belvidere*, Lord Alfred Paget, is a new yacht this season, and had won already several cups in the Thames and elsewhere. The *Blue Belle*, Mr. Twisden Hodges, also of very high reputation, both being of iron, and built in the river. The *Fawn*, Mr. Sibley, won the Challenge Cup on the previous Monday, when the *Secret*, Mr. Wanhup, ran second. The two latter yachts are of wood, and built at Poole; the interest of the match mainly consisting in the opportunity afforded for trying the comparative merits of wood and iron. As the time for starting approached, the betting in front of the Squadron Club-house became very brisk, and varied as the wind, which had been all night a heavy gale from the west, appeared to freshen or slacken.

At length the signal-gun was fired, and away they started, staggering under topails and double-reefed mainsails, which seemed rather inclined to impel them under the water, rather than through or over it. Away they went, however, in most gallant style, followed and attended throughout the course by most of the yachts in the harbour.

The competing yachts kept running before the wind from Cowes to the Nab Light—about sixteen miles. They rounded that point in the following order:—*Belvidere*, *Secret*, *Blue Belle*, and *Fawn*, but so close together that it was difficult to distinguish; then came the trial of beating back against a head-wind to Yarmouth at the other extremity of the island. The *Belvidere* maintained her position until near Cowes, when the *Secret* took the lead slightly, the *Belvidere* making the most desperate efforts to recover it—the *Blue Belle* being close upon her. The *Fawn* had already sprung her mast, and put back into Cowes Harbour, and, at a critical moment, when the *Belvidere* was making a desperate push for the lead, her mast broke short off about ten feet from deck, carrying with it over the side the whole rigging, sails and all. Instantly several yachts bore down to the dismantled vessel, and the Marquis of Anglesey's beautiful yacht, the *Pearl*, took her into tow, but shortly after handed her over to the *Julia*, G. H. Whalley, Esq., by whom she was towed into harbour. The contest then lay between the *Blue Belle* and the *Secret*, and terminated at length, in the *Secret* coming in just two minutes before the *Blue Belle*. By a singular coincidence, at the same moment, a large vessel was bearing down under a press of canvass, which proved to be H.M.S. *F. Aigle*, 28, Capt. Lord Clarence Paget, from foreign service; and no doubt an interesting meeting took place between the gallant old Marquis and his two gallant sons.

THE MARYLEBONE CLUB AND GROUND v. THE WEST HEATHS CLUB.—This match was not commenced until Friday, nor concluded before a late hour on Saturday last. Marylebone were in a minority of 44 runs.

ROYAL HARWICH YACHT CLUB.—By a letter from his Excellency the Baron Moncorvo, dated 1st Portuguese Legation, London, 18th August, 1845, the vessels of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club have received the privilege of being admitted into the harbours of Portugal free of port-charges. Holland and the Hanse Towns have granted the same boon.

GREENWICH REGATTA.—A very excellent rowing match, under the patronage of Earl Fitzhardinge, Admiral Stopford, and the nobility and gentry of the vicinity, amongst six young watermen of the place, came off on Monday, in the presence of some thousands of spectators. It was won, after five heats, by James Allen.

THE MOORS.—Thuesday se'night grouse shooting commenced all over the country, and since then, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, there has been an immense slaughter of game. On the fells and other preserves in the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, grouse are pretty plentiful, the poult being fine strong birds, but the old ones, especially the hens, are only small, and not so plump as they have been known in former years. The coveys are tolerably numerous; numbers of them are already packed together, and being wild and strong on the wing on some moors, it was with difficulty that they were come within range of; but from the accounts hitherto received from the moors, the sport was excellent, especially on Wednesday, which was a fine bright day, and the packs of birds were found basking on the sides of the hillocks.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT ELECTION.—Mr. Maitland, the Whig candidate, has been elected for this borough by a majority of 142 over Mr. M'Douall: the numbers being—For Mr. Maitland, 486; for Mr. M'Douall, 344.

ARISTOCRATIC MARRIAGES.—The nuptials of Lord Macdonald with Miss Wyndham, daughter of the Countess of Listowel, were solemnised on Thursday morning, in the presence of a numerous and distinguished circle. The marriage of the Reverend Mr. Dalton, Chaplain to the Bishop of London, with Miss Bloomfield, the right reverend prelate's daughter, was also solemnised on that day, at the Palace, Fulham.

SUPERSTITION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—(From a Correspondent.)—In the back settlements of the parish of Margaret Roothing, Essex, a young man lives with his mother; he had been for some time grievously and sorely afflicted with intermittent fever and ague. Physicians had visited him in vain—he still remained ill, until a *Cunning Woman* was consulted, who resides near Epping Forest, and the *Heavie* prescribed that "a small nut should be cut in twain, the kernel extracted, and a live spider placed in the shell, which was to be sewn up in a bag, and worn round his neck, and the spider wasted so would the fever leave him." The charm was procured—he positively wore it, and (nothing like faith, galvanic rings to wit) the youth recovered, and is able to undertake his harvest. *O tempora! O mores!*

We learn from Vienna that her Royal Highness the Duchess d'Angoulême has resolved to make Frousdorf her permanent residence, and that she has already received there the visits of several members of the Imperial Family of Austria.

POSTSCRIPT.

COLLIERY EXPLOSION AND LOSS OF FIFTY LIVES.

A colliery accident of a very serious description took place on Thursday afternoon at Yarrow Colliery, near Newcastle, on the Durham side of the Tyne. An explosion of fire damp occurred in the lower seam of the pit. The effect was terrific. Nearly one hundred men were in the pit at the time, and one half of them, being near the pit's mouth, readily escaped. Thirty-five were in the lower seam, and these, it is certain, met with instantaneous death; and no attempt can be made to recover their bodies for several days. Fourteen more, it is ascertained, were in a part of the pit where the explosion must have been equally fatal, and of these three have been brought to the mouth of the pit. Several attempts have been made to descend the pit, one of which has resulted in the death of an under-hewer belonging to the colliery.

PROTESTANT DEMONSTRATION AT LISBURN.—A Protestant or Orange "demonstration" took place at Lisburn, on Wednesday, for the avowed purpose of sympathising with James Watson, Esq., of Brookhill, on his late dismissal from the magistracy and deputy-lieutenancy of the county Antrim. The chair was occupied by the Marquis of Downshire, and many magistrates were present. It is estimated that from 15,000 to 20,000 persons attended the meeting. After some excited speeches, the following Resolution was agreed to:—"That we witness with regret, apprehension, and dissatis faction, the system of policy which her Majesty's Ministers have for some time pursued, and appear resolved to continue, with reference to her Majesty's loyal and devoted subjects, the Protestants of Ireland; the disaffected and disloyal being the objects of confidence and favour, while the faithful and attached are treated with contempt and disregard, subjected to insult, and made the objects of unmerited persecution." The next resolution passed was this:—"That we consider the removal of James Watson, Esq., of Brookhill (a gentleman respected and venerated by all who know him), from the deputy-lieutenancy and magistracy of the county of Antrim, to be a wanton exercise of arbitrary power, unjustified by the letter or the spirit of the statutes which have been made the pretext for his dismissal, and at direct variance with the spirit of the Constitution." The Rev. E. Leslie denounced Sir R. Peel in coarse terms, accusing him of having told a "lie" about Maynooth. Another speaker (Mr. Richardson) spoke of Sir R. Peel in the following terms:—"There could not be found an instance in history of any man's having betrayed such a high trust as that placed in the hands of Sir Robert Peel. (A voice, "Except Judas." Cheers.) He had, it was now too plain, been deceiving the Protestants since he had been Secretary in Ireland, and in conjunction with the Duke of Wellington, who had come down to the house with eighty proxies in his pocket, passed measures most injurious to the Constitution. They ought to feel obliged to the large portion of the county magistrates who had favoured them with their noble, fearless, and straightforward support that day." The report in one of the Irish papers says—"At the close of one of the speeches, in support of a resolution which condemned the dismissal of Mr. Watson from the deputy-lieutenancy and magistracy of the county of Antrim, 'three groans were given for the traitor Peel, three cheers for Watson, and three cheers for the Marchioness of Downshire, all of which, but particularly the first, were responded to with great vigour.'" A petition to the Queen, praying for the restoration of Mr. Watson, and also a resolution expressive of sympathy towards that gentleman, were agreed to.

A SON OF LORD RANFURLY DROWNED.—On Monday last, about one o'clock, as the Hon. Granville Knox, accompanied by his friend Mr. Bryant, who are pupils of the Rev. Mr. Vallack, of Budeau, were bathing immediately under the little cottage on the Devonshire side of Saltash Passage, the former, while walking into the water, lost his footing, owing to the sudden shelving of the bank, and got beyond his depth. Mr. Bryant rushed to his assistance, and held him up for some time by grasping hold of the hair of his head, but Mr. Knox having suddenly caught hold of and clung to Mr. Bryant so closely as to endanger his safety, he was obliged to leave him, and he sank immediately. Mr. Bryant gave an alarm, and a waterman who was near the spot groped with his paddle to find the body, but could not discover it; and though persevering exertions were made by the Saltash men, they were unsuccessful until the next day, when it was found accidentally at low water, on an oyster bank, about three quarters of a mile from the spot of the melancholy casualty. The young gentleman, who was a son of Lord Ranfurly, was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, and was much beloved for his amiable disposition. He had only just returned from visiting his friends.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.—The latest Paris papers discuss the recent religious disturbances in Germany. A correspondent of the *Journal des Débats*, whose communication is dated the 15th inst., states, that although the agitation had not wholly subsided, no further collision between the rioters and the military had taken place; the funeral of the parties who were killed in the *émeute* having passed off more quietly than was anticipated. The excitement, however, although it has ceased to manifest itself by acts of violence, still continues, and begins to occasion considerable uneasiness to the Continental Governments. A violent hurricane did much damage in Paris and its neighbourhood on Tuesday. At the Tuilleries the Pavilion Marsan was completely unroofed, and large trees were torn up by the roots in all directions. In the neighbourhood of Rouen three manufactories had been blown down, and upwards of 100 bodies had been taken out of the ruins.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATE ACT FOR THE RECOVERY OF SMALL DEBTS.—Mr. Commissioner Fonblanque sat, on Monday, at the Court of Bankruptcy, to hear summonses under the Act just passed for the Recovery of Small Debts. A number of squalid-looking wretches, who, but for this Act, could never have aspired to the honour of appearing in the Court of Bankruptcy, were marshalled to answer the calls of their respective creditors, and, hanging on their rear, were the whole tribe of Portugal-street practitioners, whose respectability and professional skill have been immortalised in the "Pickwick Papers." There were fourteen summonses, all of which were dismissed for want of judgment except one, in which a solicitor obtained an order against an unfortunate tailor for five shillings a week, in liquidation of a bill of costs incurred in carrying the said tailor recently through the Insolvent Court.

THE CASE OF MR. GIBBS.—REFUSAL OF A CERTIFICATE.—In the Court of Bankruptcy, on Wednesday, Mr. Commissioner Holroyd gave judgment in the case of Mr. Gibbs. The bankrupt had carried on business as a scrivener, and was an attorney. The learned Commissioner said, the bankrupt had been for some years in a hopeless state of insolvency, and had borrowed money at a rate of interest nothing could justify. There had been an annual loss from 1823 to 1843, which had continued to advance, as from 1837 to 1843 it amounted to £39,000. At the time of the bankruptcy he owed £116,000, and liabilities, £91,000 more. The assets have only realised about £5,000, and very little more was expected, so that after payment of the expenses, the probability was, that the dividend would be only 1s. in the pound. The bankrupt had altogether failed acting the part of an honest tradesman. In 20 years his payments for discounts amounted to £90,000. The rate of discount ranged from 25 to 60 per cent., and most of the money was appropriated to his own use. The learned Commissioner alluded to several cases established against the bankrupt, particularly in representing that Lord Strathmore's estates were unencumbered, obtaining bills from General Wyndham to the amount of £15,000., which he got discounted a few days after at 40 per cent., and appropriated the money to his own use. Reviewing the circumstances, he was bound to refuse the certificate.

THE OPERA HOUSE.—His Honour also gave judgment in the case of Mr. Chambers. The principal point was, whether certain freehold property, amongst which was the Opera House, and possessed before the bankruptcy by James Chambers, was to be applied for the benefit of the joint creditors. His Honour decided that it should be. The consequence of this decision is that there will ultimately be a dividend of 15s to 17s in the pound.

THE CASE OF COLONEL CUPPLAND.—The case of this insolvent was again heard in the Court of Bankruptcy, on Thursday. At a former examination he entered debts in his schedule to the amount of £38,000, but which he stated were chiefly renewed debts, after certificate had been granted, and which certificate was then in the hands of a solicitor, who had a lien on it. The insolvent, late a colonel in the army, it will be recollected, had in some degree mixed himself up with Lord Huntingtower, and having had the former examination adjourned to amend his schedule, he now appeared for his interim order, and was supported by Mr. James and Mr. Sturgeon. The amended schedule had now reduced the whole to £10,000, as Mr. Dobson, who had claimed £23,000, had written to say that he had reduced the claim to £1800.—After considerable discussion, his Honour granted the bankrupt his interim order, gave the protection, and adjourned the case to an indefinite period.

ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE.

ACTION AGAINST THE ARGUS INSURANCE OFFICE.—At Liverpool, on Monday, an action was tried "Schwabe, administratrix, v. Clift." The plaintiff sought to recover from the Argus Insurance Office the sum of £999, being the amount of a policy effected in that office on the life of Louis Schwabe, deceased. The payment of the policy was resisted on the ground that Mr. Schwabe had committed suicide, in which case it was, by the terms of the policy, provided that it should be void. The Solicitor General stated the case, and examined witnesses to prove the circumstances of the death of the deceased; and Mr. Knowles having been heard on the other side, Mr. Justice Cresswell, in summing up, stated that this was an action on a policy of insurance for the sum of £999, by the terms of which policy it was provided that if the insured should commit suicide, or die by duelling, or by the hand of justice, the policy should be void. He would direct that, to find for the defendants, they must be satisfied that Mr. Schwabe died by his own hand, and that he was then able to distinguish right from wrong, and able to appreciate the nature of his act as an accountable moral agent. He used precise words, as possibly this ruling might be called in question. The terms of the exception in that policy were in case the party should die "by his own hand," and Mr. Justice Erskine and Chief Justice Tindal both treated the expression "suicide" as one of a different import—as an expression well known—meaning a felonious taking away of

one's own life; and from the judgment of those learned judges there seemed little doubt that if they had had in that case to consider a policy in the same terms as the present, they would have held that to bring the case within the terms of the exception, the party taking his own life must have been an accountable moral agent. He would direct them that, to find for the defendants, they must be satisfied that Mr. Schwabe died by his own voluntary act, and that at the time he was able to distinguish right from wrong. The burden of proof, so far as showing that the party died by his own voluntary act, lay upon the defendants; but, if that were proved, then it lay on the plaintiff to show that he was unable to distinguish right from wrong, as, until the contrary was proved, every man must be taken to be accountable for his actions.—The jury, after a few minutes' deliberation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

THE LATE MURDER AT THE NEW BAILEY, MANCHESTER.—William Clapham was placed at the bar to plead to a charge of having murdered Abraham Tweedie, a prisoner in the New Bailey, Manchester, on the 2nd of August instant, by striking him on the head with a bar of iron. We have already mentioned the circumstances under which the murder was committed. Mr. Wilkins, on the part of the prisoner, applied to the Court to have a jury empanelled to inquire whether he was in sane mind, and capable of pleading to the charge. This course was adopted, and evidence having been given, the jury found that the prisoner was insane, and not in a fit state to plead. Mr. Baron Rolfe: The verdict must be recorded, and the prisoner kept in strict custody till her Majesty's pleasure be known.

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

FIRE IN ALDERMANBURY, AND GREAT LOSS OF PROPERTY.

On Monday, night about 20 minutes to 8 o'clock, a destructive conflagration, involving the loss of property to the amount of nearly £300,000, broke out on the premises of Messrs. Bradbury, Greatorex, and Beale, French, Scotch, and Manchester warehousemen, of No. 6, Aldermanbury.

The premises in question are considered as almost the largest in that line of business in the city of London, extending in the rear from Aldermanbury to the western end of the Guildhall, and abutting on Dyer's-court, on the northern side of the church of St. Lawrence Jewry.

The fire was first discovered by the porters employed in the basement or cellar of the building, and although an immediate alarm was raised, so rapid—in consequence of the combustible nature of the stock—were the flames, that before any assistance could arrive, the whole of the lower portion of the premises was on fire, which speedily caught the warehouse on the ground floor, and extended to the upper rooms. In less than a quarter of an hour the entire area of those extensive warehouses was in flames from the basement to the roof, and the light created thereby was such that the bridges were crowded with spectators.

So rapid was the progress of the fire that the whole building was one mass of flame before an engine arrived, the first being that of the parish of St. Lawrence Jewry. This was speedily followed by the brigade from Watling-street and other stations, and also the County and West of England. Notwithstanding the exertions of the firemen, under the orders of Mr. Superintendent Braidwood, the fire continued to progress, and at one time the whole of Aldermanbury, Guildhall, and the church of St. Lawrence Jewry were considered in imminent danger, and but for the extraordinary exertions of the firemen, they must have fallen a prey to the flames.

A man named Diamond states that he was in the top floor at the time the alarm of fire was given, and so rapid were the flames that he was forced to escape without his coat, whilst another named Samuel, asserts that it was with no small degree of difficulty that those on the ground floor were enabled to escape. Mr. Beale, one of the firm, had only arrived from Glasgow that afternoon, and upwards of £10,000 worth of goods had been received during the day.

In consequence of the early period of the fire and the brilliancy of the flames, thousands of people were attracted to the spot.

The loss upon Messrs. Bradbury, Greatorex, and Co.'s stock, it is computed by the firm, will exceed the amount insured by £20,000. The total loss by this disastrous event, it is stated, by those best competent to form a correct estimate, will amount to between £200,000 and £300,000.

It appears from the official report that the premises and stock of several houses in Aldermanbury were much injured by fire and water. The warehouse of Messrs. Bradbury, Greatorex, and Co., was totally destroyed. Besides the premises facing Aldermanbury, there were several houses at the rear, some 200 feet to the western extremity of the Guildhall, the whole of which were thrown into one, and were literally crammed with merchandise of every description. Not a vestige remains of any of the buildings, excepting the walls.

Messrs. Coster and Co., the extensive warehousemen at the corner of Fountain-court, Aldermanbury, have suffered very much from the fire. The back part of their warehouse has sustained much injury. A large portion of their valuable merchandise was saturated with water, part of the roof on the back warehouse burnt off, and several bed-rooms burnt out. They are insured.

The third important damage is that of Messrs. Oliver and Co., Manchester warehousemen, whose premises adjoined Messrs. Bradbury and Co.'s, in Aldermanbury. The stock is injured by water and removal, part of the roof carried away, and several apartments at the top of the building seriously burnt. We understand the insurance effected on this property to be—Sun Fire Office, Royal Exchange, and Phoenix; total £35,000.

During the fire, a young man named Stephen Cundrick, twenty-seven years of age, sustained a serious injury. It appears that the poor fellow was on his way home, and had reached the church in Aldermanbury, around which the crowd had become exceedingly dense, and in order to avoid the latter he tried to enter the churchyard, by climbing over the iron spikes; in attempting this, however, he missed his footing, and fell heavily upon the spikes, one of which entered the thick part of his right thigh, and he became literally impaled: he was conveyed in a deplorable state to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

ATTEMPTED MURDER AND ROBBERY.—A person who gave his name Edward Long, and who represented himself as the son of a laundress in Bayswater, was, on Saturday, examined before the Magistrates, at Uxbridge, on a charge of attempted robbery and murder. On Friday week he entered the house of Solomon Harris, Esq., Uxbridge, where he attempted first to commit robbery, and afterwards to murder Mrs. Harris by means of a bludgeon. —Mrs. Harris, who appeared to be still in a very weak state, and suffering severely from the injuries the prisoner had inflicted on her, deposed that she was the wife of Mr. Solomon Harris, an inhabitant of Uxbridge. On Friday, the 8th inst., she observed from an upper window a man, who afterwards appeared to be the prisoner, in the back yard of the premises. He seemed to be begging, but she did not take much notice of him at the time. About ten minutes afterwards she went into the front parlour, when she was thunderstruck at seeing the same man whom she had before seen in the back yard standing in the room, into which he must have got through one of the windows. That man was the prisoner. She immediately demanded what he did there, when the prisoner passed her, and directly shut the room door, and told her that his object was plunder or even murder. Witness, being dreadfully alarmed, began screaming violently, upon which the prisoner instantly pulled out a large bludgeon, and commenced beating her over the head, arms, and neck, and dreadfully ill-treating her. Witness's screams brought one of her women servants into the room, and she had very little recollection of what afterwards took place.—He was committed for trial. As the prisoner was being taken to the station-house, he pulled a silver fork and ornament out of his pocket, which the constable took, and he said, "There, that is enough for you." The prisoner also said he was not sorry he was taken. He had wanted money, and finding the window open, he took off his shoes and got in, and at first sat himself down in a chair. The prisoner was convicted at the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday, and was sentenced to fifteen years transportation.

ANOTHER RAILWAY COLLISION.—Another serious railway collision took place, owing to the gross carelessness of one of the company's servants, on the line between Sunderland and Brockley whins, on Friday week. A gentleman who was present gives this account of the accident:—"We started from Sunderland by the half-past three o'clock p.m. mail train. Before we had proceeded above half a mile, we came in contact with the three o'clock train from Newcastle, both proceeding at a quick pace at the time. The collision was most fearful, and the consequences very serious to the passengers. Our passengers included Mr. Charles Tee, a great railway proprietor, of Barnsley; Mr. Brunton, town clerk of Sunderland; Mr. Richardson and Mr. Gutch, two highly respectable solicitors of York, who had been assisting in the election of Mr. Hudson; Mr. Falvy, of the Anti-Corn Law League; several other gentlemen, and about half-a-dozen ladies. Not a single person travelling by our train escaped injury. Mr. Richardson and Mr. Gutch were both badly bruised, and especially the latter gentleman, whose face was painfully disfigured. He was rendered very feeble, owing to loss of blood. Our stoker had, I believe, his arm broken, while the engine-driver, seeing his danger, saved himself by leaping off the engine. A boy, about 14 years of age, had his eyes frightfully bruised and cut. Mr. Falvy sustained a contusion on the leg. All the women were severely stunned, but more particularly two of them, one of whom had an infant at the breast in her arms, at the time. The child did not seem to be much worse. Having only one carriage with our train, it is miraculous that every life was not sacrificed. The massive iron of our engine and tender was shattered to pieces, and our escape from certain death can only be ascribed to a strong truck which was placed between our carriage and the engine. That coming from Newcastle was a larger train. Its engine was likewise much broken, and many of the passengers injured, but less seriously than those of the other train. When the engine-driver of that train, however, was asked why he did not stop, his only reply was, that he was aware he ought to have stopped, and did not know why he did not do so."

SERIOUS OMNIBUS ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday morning, about nine o'clock, a serious affair occurred to one of Brewer's omnibuses, which plies between Notting-hill and Mile-end gate. The omnibus had just passed Waterloo-bridge, going eastward, when one of the fore-wheels came off, and the passengers on the top were thrown to the ground. Assistance was immediately rendered. One gentleman was picked up bleeding dreadfully from the forehead, and had his leg or thigh broken; another was also seriously injured. The others escaped unhurt. One gentleman was promptly conveyed to Charing-cross Hospital, and the other to his residence. The gentleman who is so much injured is a Mr. Mordaunt, a linen factor,

who was going to his offices, situate at No. 1, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street, and the nature of his injuries is a compound fracture of the leg, besides several internal bruises.

ACCIDENT TO MR. GREEN, THE AERONAUT.—It is with extreme pleasure that we are enabled to contradict the rumour that prevailed in town on Thursday, relative to the death of that daring and adventurous aeronaut, Mr. Charles Green, who, it was reported, had lost his life by the destruction of his balloon (with which he ascended from Vauxhall Gardens on Wednesday night), occasioned, as it was stated, by a spark from the fireworks attached to the car igniting with the gas. The following account of the occurrence, noted down by Mr. T. R. Lewis, at the request of Mr. Green, will best explain the nature of the accident:—"At the time I left the Gardens the wind was blowing west by south, consequently the balloon took a direction of almost due east. The wind continued in the same quarter during the whole of my voyage. I crossed the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and then got away towards Greenwich, Charlton, and Woolwich. The balloon then bore off across the river to the opposite shore, in the direction of Purfleet. I could have then effected a landing several times had the wind dropped, and had I had assistance; but knowing that if I attempted a descent with such a boisterous gale, and no help at hand, I should have been carried on to the river, the balloon continued its course till it arrived at Gravesend Reach. I kept at a very low altitude; in fact, at times I was close to the shore, and near to the water's edge. On arriving at a place which, I think, is marked in my map as Osterland, I endeavoured to descend, but the balloon dragged along the land for at least three or four miles, the wind still blowing with great violence from the west; the car at length got into a deep dyke, and I thought that I should be enabled to empty it of the gas. I opened the valve and then got out of the car, but no sooner had I set my feet on the bank of the dyke, than I became entangled in the netting. A gust of wind suddenly drove the balloon out of the ditch, and I was dragged along the ground, till at length the car became secured in another and deeper dyke, I endeavouring the whole of the time to disengage myself from the netting. I for the first time in my life now became alarmed for my safety. I thought of my knife, and happily found it in my pocket. I then commenced cutting away with the greatest vigour, but from the cordage being of peculiar fabric, I experienced the greatest difficulty in liberating myself. The oscillation of the balloon now became frightful, but I held on it firmly, well knowing from the escape of gas, that its ascending power was gone, and that it could only drift by the wind. At length, becoming exhausted, I let go my hold, and the balloon went away, car, grapple, barometer, and other meteorological instruments, apparently in the direction of Queenborough. It was very dark at the time, but I could distinctly discern the balloon make three or four halts before it became invisible. I then made my way along the banks of the river towards Gravesend without meeting a soul or finding a house open, a distance from the spot where I left the balloon of at least eighteen or twenty miles. I arrived at Gravesend about half-past six o'clock, and, to prevent being annoyed by the questions of strangers, I preserved a strict incognito."

COUNTRY NEWS.

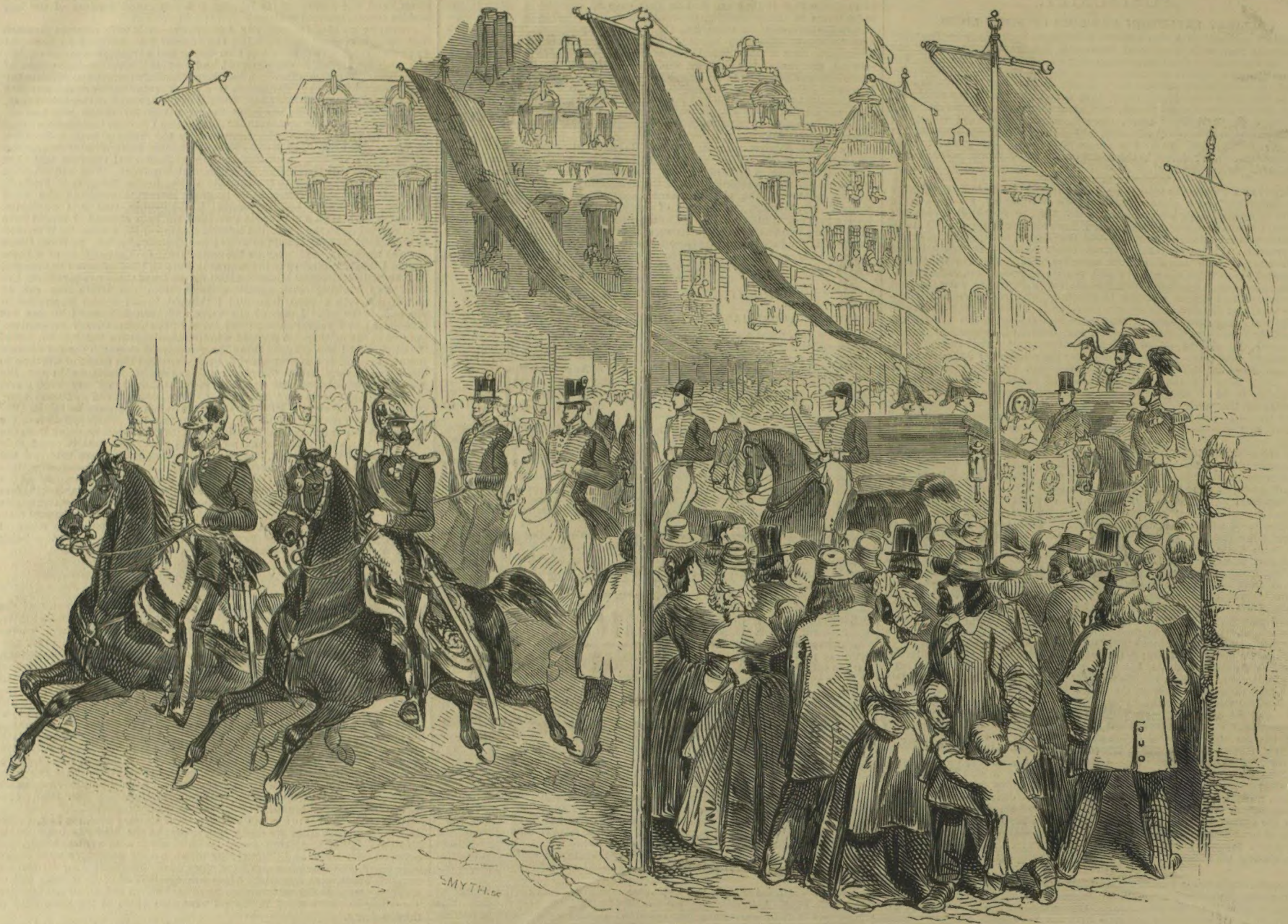
SUNDERLAND ELECTION.—We were enabled to state the result of the Sunderland Election last week. The official declaration was made on Friday, from which it appears that the majority for Mr. Hudson was 128. A large crowd assembled to witness the proceedings, but the greatest order prevailed. Colonel Thompson did not make his appearance on the hustings, but left the town for London by an early train. Mr. Cobden went away on Thursday morning, without waiting the result of the poll. Mr. Bright left on Friday morning, and in the afternoon Mr. Wilson and Mr. Moore followed. Mr. Hudson and his friends mustered strong at his committee room in the morning, and accompanied him to the hustings. The Mayor, accompanied by the Town-clerk, addressed the assembly as follows: Gentlemen, I now declare to you the state of the poll, the numbers being—for Mr. George Hudson, of the city of York, and alderman of the same city, 626, (Great cheering.) For Colonel Thomas Perronet Thompson, 498. I, therefore, declare Mr. Hudson duly elected to represent this borough in the Commons' House of Parliament. (Great uproar from Colonel Thompson's friends, and loud cheering from those of Mr. Hudson.) Mr. Hudson returned thanks in appropriate terms, amid much enthusiasm.

DREADFUL EXPLOSION NEAR DUDLEY.—On Monday morning last, a most dreadful accident from fire-damp took place at the coal-pits belonging to Messrs. Wagstaff and Skidmore, at Tividale, about a mile from Dudley, and between that town and Oldbury, by which twenty men were most dreadfully burnt, and four of whom have since died. The remaining sixteen are so much burnt, that but slight hopes are entertained of their being able to survive. Most of the unfortunate men have wives and numerous families. Three horses that worked in the pit were also killed at the same time by the fire-damp.

ALARMING ACCIDENT ON THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.—On Monday evening the express train from Leeds to Manchester, which leaves Leeds at six o'clock p.m., ran off the line near Methley, a station on the Midland Railway, about eight miles from Leeds. The engine ran down an embankment of some 30 feet in depth, and was completely smashed to pieces. The only carriages attached to it were one of the first and one of the second-class, the former being next to the engine. This was broken away from the engine, and the impulse it received sent it down the embankment with a dreadful crash. The second-class carriage was not propelled off the permanent road, but merely overturned on the line, with very slight injuries to the passengers or the vehicle. The total number of passengers in the train was only about eight, and three of these were in the first-class carriage. They were a gentleman, who is a millowner, with his wife and daughter, proceeding to Manchester. The carriage was a new one, beautifully fitted up, consisting only of one apartment, and intended for the accommodation of parties taking summer excursions. This carriage must have rolled over several times in descending the embankment, and it was shattered to atoms. The only perfect portion of the carriage was the floor—the seats, doors, blinds, &c., being splintered or torn into mere fragments. Very fortunately, the three persons we have mentioned escaped without being hurt in a manner sufficient to give cause for alarm. The lady was more harmed than either her husband or her child. They were all cut about the head, and they bled freely from their wounds at the time of the accident. It is exceedingly probable that they were thrown from the carriage when it was broken by the first fall over, as it is impossible they could have remained so slightly injured if they had remained longer in the carriage, which was completely demolished by its rebounding down the embankment. They and the other passengers were removed to Leeds, and medical treatment was procured for those whose condition required it. We are happy to state that from the last accounts there was no cause to apprehend any more serious results than those we have already described. It appears that one of the sleepers had sunk on the line, and a rail having thereby been moved out of its place, the engine ran off its usual course. Another account says: "Amongst the passengers were Mr. Thomas Clegg, cotton-spinner, Manchester, with Mrs. and Miss Clegg, who were returning home from Harrogate, where they had been for the benefit of Mrs. Clegg's health. All three were much cut and bruised, and when extricated were bleeding profusely; they were not only sensible, but able to walk. Mr. Clegg was bruised about the shoulder, and cut about the head. The two ladies were injured chiefly about the head. Another passenger was Mr. Flith, of the firm of Messrs. Alexander Henry and Co., of Manchester, but who resides in Portland-crescent, Leeds. He received some severe bruises and contusions, from the effects of which he is still suffering. Amongst the passengers who were less seriously hurt were Mr. E. Hulmes, a commercial traveller; Mr. Lofthouse, of Leeds; Mr. Hirst; and another commercial traveller, who is staying at the Royal Hotel, Leeds. The guard, whose name is Kinnerly; the engine-man, named Joseph Kay; and the stoker, named John Luty, were all considerably hurt."

ANOTHER ACCIDENT ON THE NORTHERN AND EASTERN RAILWAY.—The recently opened portion of the Northern and Eastern Railway, on which the late appalling accident took place, was the scene of another frightful occurrence on Tuesday afternoon, of a somewhat similar character, although it was not attended with such a deplorable loss of life as marked the previous one. Yet several of the passengers have received serious contusions, and their escape with life may be truly considered miraculous. It is necessary to state that, since General Pasley stated, at the recent Coroner's inquiry concerning the death of the stoker who lost his life by the engine running off the line a few weeks since, that it was highly dangerous for trains to pass over the newly-constructed part of the road—viz., between Bishops Cleeve and Ely—at the rate of 30 miles an hour, until it was properly consolidated, the company very promptly lessened the speed, and which has been adhered to up to the present time. On the morning of Tuesday, the usual day mail train left the Shoreditch Terminus at half-past eleven, and proceeded in safety to Cambridge. After a stoppage at that station, the train renewed its course, and about two miles beyond Waterbeach, seven miles from Cambridge, and the same distance this side Ely, the engine ran off the rail on the off or left side, dragging the tender and the whole of the carriages after it. Fortunately, the whole of this particular part of the line is devoid of anything like embankments, being a perfect level, and the engine had not travelled more than thirty or forty yards over the ballast, before it completely turned topsy-turvy, with the tender, into a kind of ditch, pretty full of water. The whole train was then brought to a stand still. The alarm that immediately ensued among the passengers, who were much knocked about by the concussion, may be well conceived. Fortunately, however, with the exception of one who was slightly hurt, they all escaped uninjured. Active measures were immediately adopted to raise and place the carriages on the line, which in the course of two hours was accomplished, and at four o'clock the train resumed its journey to Norwich. To remove the engine and tender from the ditch, by the means then available, however, was perfectly impossible.

ACCIDENT ON THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—As the 8h. 30m. train on this railway was at Walton Station on Wednesday, upon its down journey, the engine then taking in water, the fire-box was rent open by the pressure of the steam, and the engineer much scalded. The fireman was unhurt; so were the passengers; but a man who had just got out of the train was struck by a piece of coke, propelled by the force of the steam, and sustained a slight cut at the back of his head. His escape was a very narrow one. The train was taken on, after a detention of twenty minutes, by another engine.



GRAND ENTREE OF HER MAJESTY INTO COLOGNE.

(Continued from page 117.)
monstre, retired within the Palace, and the Royal party soon after
 dined. We now take up the narrative—

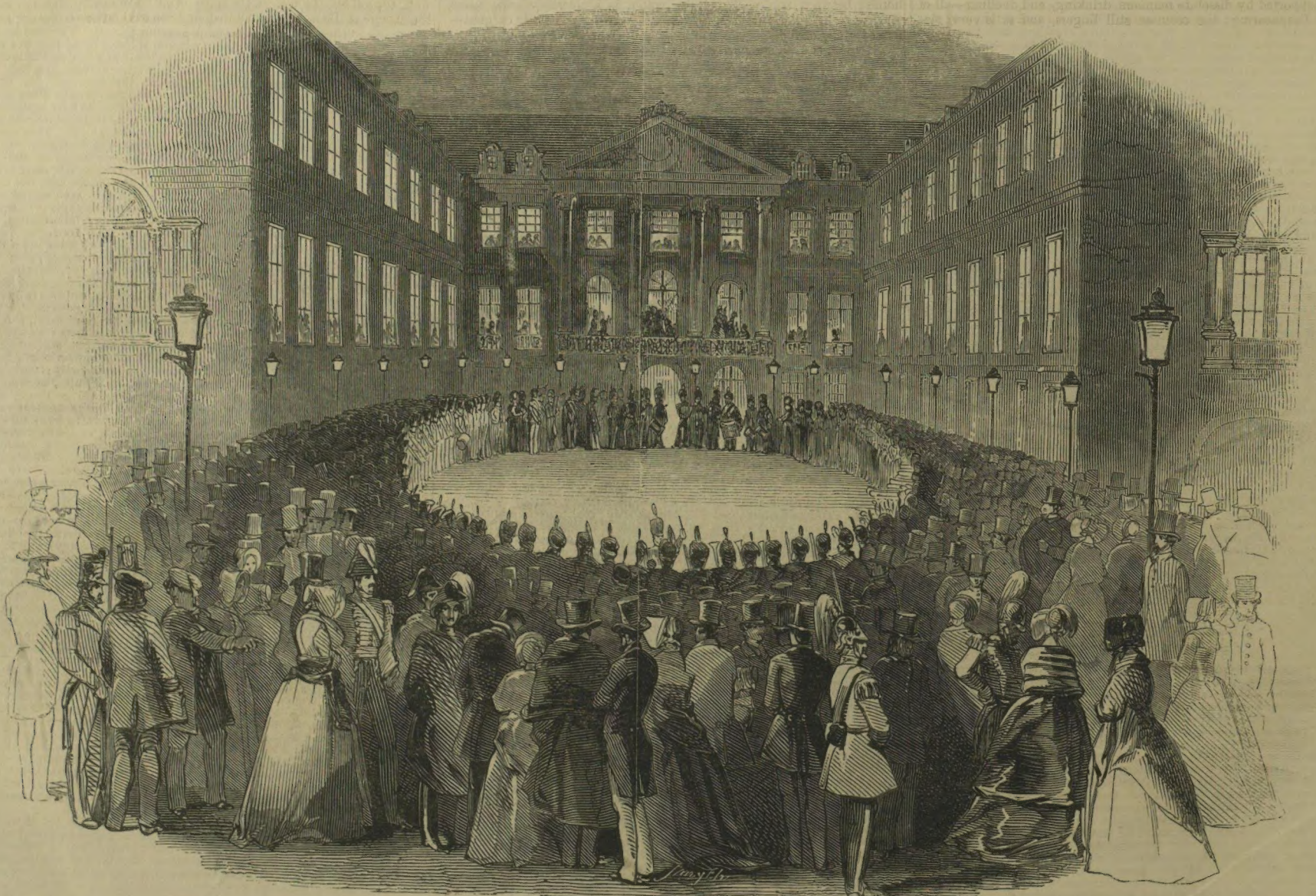
(From our own Correspondent.)

COLOGNE, August 13.
 The most interesting incident of her Majesty's sojourn in the Prussian
 dominions occurred yesterday. The Inauguration of the Statue of

Beethoven took place at Bonn, in the presence of an immense multi-
 tude—her Majesty being present, with the King and Queen of Prussia,
 and the brilliant suite of both Royalties. The ceremony of uncovering
 the Statue of the great Composer was to be the chief event of the
 Musical Festival. The general expectation was not disappointed;
 everything was conducted most successfully; even the weather re-
 lent, and the sunshine gave a brilliancy to the scene; but, soon after

the close of the proceedings, again turned to "storm and cloudiness." The "little pearl" of towns, as a lively French authoress calls Bonn, was never so gay or so crowded. It was filled before the *fête* commenced, and the announcement that the Queen of England would be present at the Inauguration, attracted so many more, that the influx became an overflow.

A peculiar feature of the Festival to the eye of a stranger was the



GREAT MILITARY CONCERT AT BRUHL



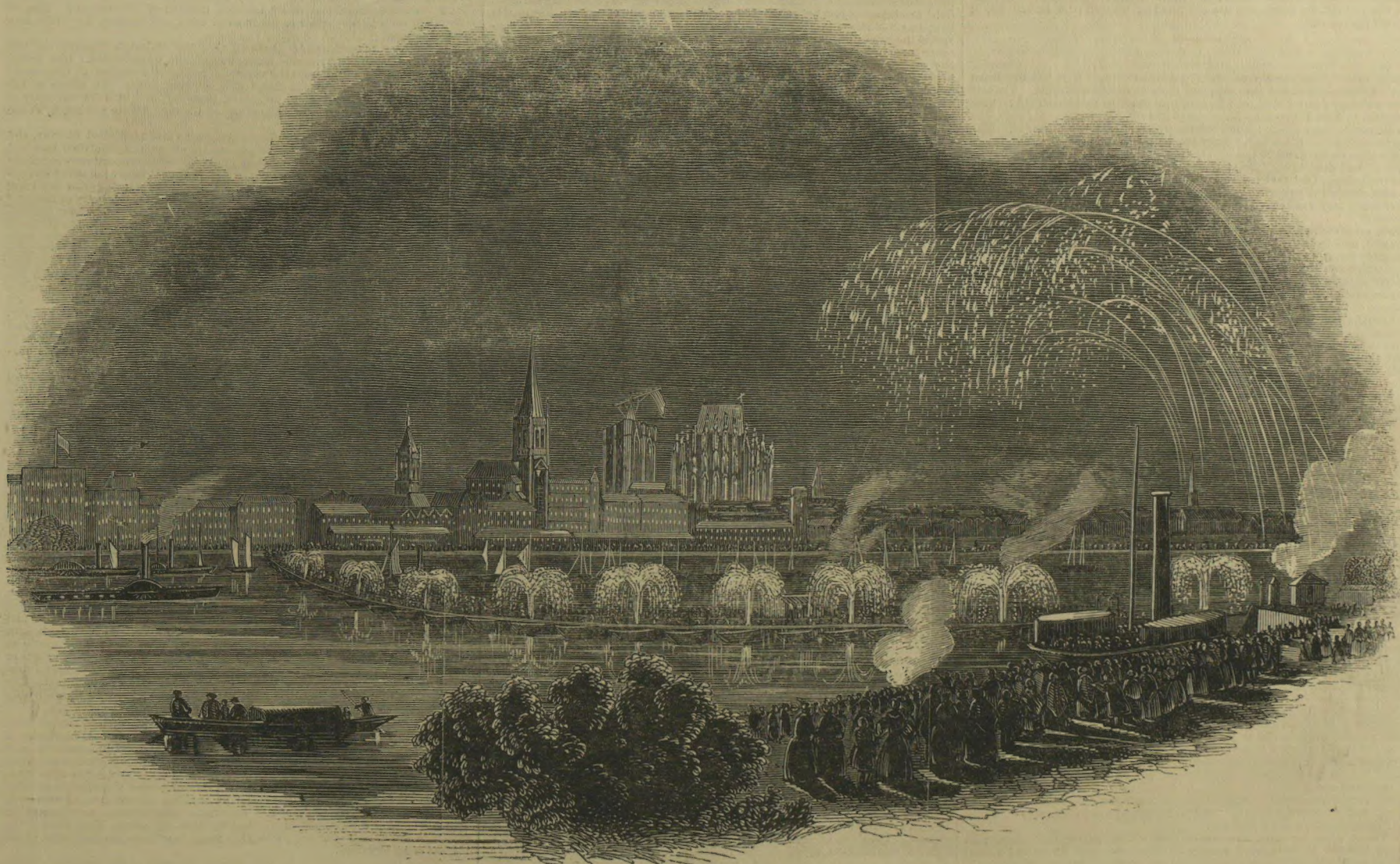
THE CITY OF COLOGNE, FROM DEUTZ.

costume of many of the students of the University. Though not general—for the Burschen now are inclined to eschew the eccentricity of manners and costume which marked them of old—they were numerous enough to give a character to the throng; the jaunty cap, the graceful plume, the sash of the colours of his "house," the high boots, and the sabre swinging by his side, give him a "smashing and a martial" air, formerly supported by dissolute manners, drinking, and duelling—all of which are disappearing; the costume still lingers, and it is very picturesque.

After the ceremony her Majesty gave receptions to several of the Professors of the University. The Royal party then returned to Brühl, and prepared for the display of the evening—the illumination of the Rhine and the Cathedral. Cologne still preserves many traces of having been a strongly fortified city; along the river front, runs a line of wall, only broken by the façades of houses or large hotels; between this wall and the water, is a tolerably wide space, serving as a quay, or wharf, where vessels discharge their cargoes.—(See the Engraving.)

On this occasion, the edge of the city quay, above and below the bridge for a line of about two miles, was occupied by a body of infantry in single file; a similar line was drawn up on the opposite, or Deutz bank of the river; they took their stations at an early hour in the evening. The Rhine is here as wide as the Thames at Westminster. Behind the soldiery, crowds of people lined the quay, and above them rose the will, the gables, the towers, the spires of old "Collona." Passage across the Bridge of Boats was prohibited, and the navigation of the river was

(Continued on page 124.)



ILLUMINATIONS OF COLOGNE.

OTELLO.

A TALE OF THE OPERA.

(Continued from page 93.)

II.

The Duchess received the Stranger with especial courtesy; she introduced him herself to the Princess Sophia, and the name of the Baron Laurin seemed as if it sounded familiarly to her—as if this was not the first time it had struck her ear; she blushed slightly, as she said she believed she had heard that he had served in the French army.

Laurin but too well knew that no one save Zronovelski could have told her; he was the more certain of it, that her eyes met his with a certain kind of consciousness, as if they rested on an acquaintance, and that she appeared glad to enter into conversation with him.

"You are a stranger here," said the Duchess; "you have not yet been a day in the city; you can have heard nothing, and are therefore impartial. I will appeal to you to decide a question between me and Sophia. Do you not think there may be some mysterious agents or powers, which, if we summon them in mockery, may bring down upon us some real disaster?"

"That is not fair, mother," said the Princess, gaily; "you are trying by your question to entrap the Baron into an answer. Ask him, supposing there was a certain house, from which, at intervals of years, it has happened that six tiles have fallen, always killing some one in the street—whether he would willingly pass it?"

"Why not? It can only be because the fastenings decayed with time; the only mysterious power in the matter was the law of gravitation; the tiles were heavy, and—fell?"

"It will not do, Baron. Sophia's comparison is not quite perfect."

"Well then, I will tell the Baron all the controversy. The case is this," said the Princess; "we have here a very good theatre, and a clever company of artists; they can perform all the pieces of the best masters, old and new, and do play them to the delight of the city. But there is one opera that is never performed, and that the most beautiful work of the greatest of living composers. I heard it first at a foreign Court, and the first thing I did on my return was to ask to have it performed here, but my wish has never been gratified; not because the music is too difficult, not because the singers are unequal to it—no, the reason is truly ridiculous."

"And what opera may it be?" said the Stranger.

"The Othello!"

"Othello! Certainly it is Rossini's masterpiece," said the Baron; "I know no music that so much affects me. That song which Desdemona sings to her harp, it has haunted me for whole days together!"

"Do you hear him, mother? He comes from Berlin, from Warsaw, from Petersburg, from—I know not where; but everywhere he can hear 'Othello'! Why should it not be performed here? For the sake of a tradition that no one now believes."

"Do not make a jest of it," said the Duchess. "There are facts known to me connected with the story that make me shudder whenever I think of it. But we speak to our umpire in riddles. Imagine, Baron,—would it not be frightful if, every time Othello was performed, the theatre should be burned down?"

"Another comparison!" said Sophia, impatiently; "but the tale itself is still more irrational."

"Othello," said the Duchess, "the tragedy of Shakspeare was first acted here fifty years ago, and the theatre was burned. The story goes, that whenever 'Othello' is acted, the same calamity happens. The experiment was made; for a long period the play was not performed. A new and admirable translation of it was published; it was acted again, and again the unfortunate occurrence did certainly happen. I remember well when 'Othello' was taken as the subject of an opera, that we laughed over the story, and when it was given here for the first time, we said that the fatal Moor would lose his spell of misfortune since he was made musical. A few days after the opera was played, and 'Othello' had another unlucky sequel. The same thing occurred yet once more after that, and since then the piece has never been played at all. The story seems foolish enough, but it is true. What think you of it Baron? speak sincerely; what is your opinion of our controversy?"

"Your Highness is quite right," said the Baron, in a tone between earnest and irony, "and if you will permit me, I will confirm your belief of such things by an example taken from my own experience. I had once an unmarried aunt—of a gloomy and mystical character; we used to call her Aunt Feathers, from her always wearing a large black plume in her bonnet. As in the case of your Othello, there was also a firm belief in our family that whenever our aunt paid us a visit, some one of us was sure to be taken ill. We used to laugh and joke about it with one another; but, nevertheless, in the train of our aunt there always came disease, and we were so accustomed to it, and so certain it would appear, that directly the great black feather was visible in the court-yard, every preparation was made for the coming sickness, and even the doctor was told to keep himself in readiness."

"A rare figure must your Aunt Feathers have been," said the Princess; "I think I see, as she stepped out of the carriage, how all the children ran and hid themselves, as if the plague had come; how a messenger was sent directly for drugs and the doctor; all because your Aunt Feathers had called! Why you had a real and living 'White Lady' in your family!"

"Do not talk so, Sophia, I beg," said the Duchess imploringly; "such things ought not to be treated so lightly, when they cannot be denied, or explained, or accounted for. So it is here with Othello, and therefore Baron you cannot see it; you must wait for your favourite opera till you go to Paris."

"The Baron shall see it here," said Sophia; "I must hear my Desdemona's song again, and hear it upon the stage, even should I myself be the sacrifice!"

"Yourself!" said the Baron, astounded; "I thought you said Othello only burned the theatre, not that he killed his audience!"

"Alas! It was only a simile of my mother's; the real tradition is far more dread and frightful!"

The second act began and the Stranger rose to take his leave; but he looked round him in vain for the Ambassador; he had long since returned to his box. The Baron was standing in the lobby, uncertain whether he should turn right or left, when he felt the warm pressure of a hand on his own; he looked up, it was Count Zronovelski.

III.

"So my eyes did not deceive me, then," said the Count, "it is you my brave Major! At the sight of you how old times seem to come back again. The last thirteen unhappy years vanish, and I am again the free lance as of old! Vive Poniatowski! Vive L'Empe—"

"In Heaven's name, Count! think where we are," said the Stranger. Why call up these shadows of the past? They are gone with the years that bore them; leave the dead to their rest!"

"Rest!" said the Count, "Rest! Happy are the dead—for it is a blessing denied to the living. Oh! that I were with the dead myself, and could share the deep, deep slumber of the grave! You sleep my brave comrades, and no voice, however loud, may awaken ye! Why is it that I alone am cursed with consciousness?"

A dark, restless fire glowed in the eyes of the young Count, and his lips were compressed, as if by inward anguish; his friend looked at him with sorrow—he saw no more the gay and gallant soldier, as he appeared at the head of his men on the battle field; the heartsome and winning smile was changed to a sinister and bitter expression; the open and careless glance was now distrustful and suspicious, and his cheek bore only the trace of that fine complexion which in the saloons of Paris had gained him the name of the "handsome Pole; and yet, notwithstanding the effects of sorrow and anxiety, the Stranger thought that the Princess might easily be forgiven for her preference.

"You look at me, Major," said the Count after a pause, "as if you would read our old times again in my countenance! It is in vain! When so much has altered, why should not men change with destiny?"

"You are not so very much changed, Count, after all, for I knew you again at the first glance. One thing I do miss in you—your eye has lost the trustfulness that once so often gladdened all around you. Alexander Zronovelski seems to me as if he could confide in another no more; and yet I think I read the inmost thought of his heart."

"Ah, my poor heart," said the Count, "I should scarcely know I had one, but for the frequency with which it beats in sorrow! And what thought have you read in it save one that has kept an unchanged friendship for yourself? Blame not the eyes that are bright no more—they have looked back too often on a past, in which there is little to gladden them. Come! my confidence is in my hand, let its grasp tell you that I am still what I was of old!"

"Thanks, thanks, Count! But why should I not read your heart, as I said I can? and it beats only in sorrow? What has a certain Princess done, then, that its pulse is so heavy?"

The Count turned deadly pale, and grasped his friend's hand almost convulsively; "For God's sake, Major, silence! Do not breathe a syllable on that subject; I know what you mean; you have guessed truly, and the Demon himself must have sharpened your vision. But why should I bind a man of honour to silence? No one of the Eighth Regiment ever yet betrayed a comrade."

"True! Count; but are you as sure that one of the Eighth has never betrayed himself?"

"Come into this recess," whispered the Count, as several persons approached them. "Heavens! does any one but yourself suspect?"

"Give secret for secret Count, and I will confess."

"Do not jest with me Major; another time I will tell you all, but does any but yourself know—?"

Major Von Laurin told him that he had only that day arrived, that his dispatches were already in a forward state at the Embassy, and that the Ambassador had that evening brought him to the opera, where, attracted by the beauty of the Princess, he had remarked it to the Ambassador's lady, who had told him that the Princess Sophia had formed an attachment for some one far beneath her rank. "You at that moment entered the Princess' box, and one glance told me you were that loved one."

"And the Ambassador?" said the Count with a tremulous voice.

"Confirmed it," said the Major. "If I do not mistake she spoke also of a lady of the Princess' suite as her informant."

The Count stood for some minutes in deep silence, gazing on vacancy; he appeared agitated by an inward conflict of feelings—looked up at last almost timidly at the Major and abruptly said—"Can you lend me a hundred Napoleons?"

The Major was astounded at such a question—and his look denoted it.

"I am a fugitive," said the Count; "I thought I had at last found a place of

refuge and peace—and there I have loved—am beloved—oh how deeply!" The tears stood in his eyes, but by an effort he conquered his emotion, and continued in a firmer voice, "It is a strange request I make of you after so long a separation, yet I do not blush in making it, comrade,—do you remember the day of Mosalsk?"

"I remember it," said the Major, and his eye flashed and the colour mounted to his cheek.

"Do you remember how the Russian artillery was mowing down our ranks, and that moment when the traitor Ploizky sounded the retreat?"

"Ha!" exclaimed the Major, with the hoarse voice of passion—"too well, too well—a soldier's curse upon his name! I remember also, Count, how you shot the villain down—crised forward! forward! Lancers of the Eighth! and in five minutes the guns were ours!"

"You remember! good. Suppose me in the front of a battery again, a comrade needing support, ay rescue, will you help him in his need?"

"I will!" said the Major.

Count Zronovelski pressed his hand with emotion; took his arm in silence, hurried him along the corridor, and in a few moments they were in the street.

IV.

"Luckily met," said the Count, as he saw his friend next morning in the great square, "I was hurrying to you to ask a small favour—"

"Which I had already rendered you,—the amount is ready if you will return to my hotel with me."

"Oh! do not speak of it," said the Count, "name not anything so mean as money, for I am to day happy, wild, rapt above earth and earthly things; Oh! I have seen her—I have told her we are betrayed, observed, that I must fly for ever, for that to be near her, and not to see, not to speak to her, is impossible."

"And her answer?"

"She is greater than the miserable beings who surround her. And what then? she said; none can speak evil of us; if our intimacy is discovered, they know nothing that I wish to conceal!"

"Sound philosophy" said the Major; "for what people take most pains to hide, is generally the soonest discovered. None are so blind as those who think no people have eyes but themselves. Yet permit me one question; apparently you see the Princess alone, for you could scarcely have told her all this last night at her mother's elbow between the acts of the opera!"

"We do meet—and alone," faltered the Count, "we meet, but where I dare not tell even you, Major; nor shall any human eye discover it. But I myself perceive it cannot last much longer, and therefore I hold myself ever on the spring; at an hour's notice the peril is behind me; your aid comes in good time, for gold is not so abundant with me as—as in days we have both seen, Major. But I will drain the cup to the last, I will be happy to the end—more deeply—perchance more madly blest—because I feel that end is close at hand!"

The Major made no reply, for there was something in the Count's tone and manner that made him uneasy; but, after an embarrassing pause, he said,

"You were coming to me, I think—in what way can I serve you?"

"True!" replied the Count; "Sophia knows you are my friend; I have frequently talked to her about you, especially of your saving my life at the passage of the Beresina. You were speaking to her yesterday of 'Othello,' were you not? The Duchess will not consent to its being acted, on account of some foolish tale or other."

"She was very mysterious on the subject," said the Major; "and, from what I could perceive, she, as you say, will scarcely consent to it."

"And yet," said the Count, "with three words I gained her over. Sophia prayed and entreated. I also assumed a rather serious demeanour, and pointed out how ridiculous such a refusal would appear to the Courts of the neighbouring States, which, if the affair got talked of here, it could not fail to reach: in eight days it would be the chief item of the Court scandal of her Highness' princely acquaintances. She granted there was some truth in my assertion, and at last assented, though very unwillingly, to the performance of the opera; yet, as she rose to leave the room, she said, she did not give up her part of the controversy as lost—she did not believe it could be acted—for, as sure as 'Othello' is announced, Desdemona will be disabled by a prima donna's indisposition; some fatality or other she has made up her mind to!"

"You managed it well," said the Major, laughing, "to fight one fear by another. It seems that the dread of ridicule has conquered the terror of ghosts, and the secret powers of nature she talks about are no match for the powers of sarcasm. But what is to be done next?"

"Sophia is beside herself with glee, that she has got her own way at last. I am now going to the Manager's house, with a sum of four hundred thalers, that there may be no obstacle thrown in the way of producing the opera, on the score of expense. I want you to accompany me."

"But will it not appear strange, if you give it him in the name of the Princess?"

"I have thought of all that. It is to appear to be a subscription of a number of musical amateurs, and we must pretend to be dilettante, or enthusiasts, or something of the sort. Come! we have not far to go: that little white house, with the balcony, is the Manager's."

(To be continued.)

THE THEATRES.

HER MAJESTY'S.

LAST NIGHT.—RETROSPECT OF THE SEASON.

The performances at this theatre, during the past week, have been peculiarly brilliant. The artists, on taking leave of the English public for a time, have exerted all their powers to the uttermost, while the crowded audiences, which, even so late in the season as this, have yet filled the house, have given the warmest testimonials of approbation. On Tuesday, the last subscription night, flowers strewed the stage as parting *souvenirs* to Grisi, Lucile Grahn, and Cerito. The grandest sight in the world was presented on this occasion. The National Anthem was sung, and never was it delivered in greater perfection, or by a stronger company; the three *prime donne*, Grisi, Castellan, and Rossi-Caccia, alternately taking the lead with admirable effect. On Saturday the powers of the latter consummate lyrical actress and great singer were tested to the uttermost. Grisi was taken ill just before the commencement of the opera, and was unable to appear. Madame Rossi-Caccia took her place at this short notice, and converted the public dissatisfaction into surprised admiration of the remarkable and excellent manner in which she rendered the character of *Norma* thus *à l'improviste*. Her reading was different to that of "La Diva," but certainly, in its way, not less perfect; and Madame Rossi-Caccia, on this occasion, made a more rapid advance to popularity than in any of her preceding performances. On Thursday the beautiful opera, "Lucia," was given. Moriani and Castellan appeared for the last time in the full effulgence of their talent. "La Prova d'un Opera Seria" changed the character of the scene, and the humour of the audience "from grave to gay," while "Ondine" and "La Bacchante," in which Lucile Grahn and Cerito each displayed the peculiarities of their appropriate styles of dancing, formed a fitting close to the evening's amusements and to the performances of the season.

This great establishment is now closed; but, before taking leave of it, we must cast a retrospective glance at the performances, which form so important a feature of the London season. Such a retrospect in every respect redounds to the credit of the management, to whom we owe the perfection of an amusement which, among all others in polished nations, takes the highest place, and which seems destined to carry the arts of civilisation to the most remote nations of Europe. The opera season opened in a manner worthy its brilliant conclusion; a new opera, a new ballet, a new *prima donna* and *basso*, were then offered to the public. It is of the first of these we must now speak. We were then introduced to a composer enjoying, in Italy, surpassing popularity; one whose works have been brought out at almost all the great continental theatres, whose productions in his native country meet with the most enthusiastic admiration—Verdi. It cannot, therefore, be wondered at that the present able management of Her Majesty's Theatre should have fixed upon the works of this composer to bring before the English public. "Ernani" did full justice to its brilliant reputation. It presents the real type of the lyrical tragedy, where feeling finds its appropriate expression in music. Musical judges allotted to it the palm of sterling merit, but the leaning of public taste was against the probabilities of its obtaining here the high favour it has elsewhere enjoyed.

The meretricious, sentimental style of the modern school, to which of late years we have become so accustomed, was a bad preparation for the full appreciation of such a work as this. "Ernani," however, at first only half understood, it gradually worked its way into public favour, and was given a greater number of times than any opera of the season; finally, it might be pronounced completely successful; but yet, on the whole, the result of the production of this opera was not such as to encourage the management to substitute another work of this composer, "I Lombardi," for more established favourites. We are sorry for this; we grieve to perceive in the English musical public so little encouragement for novelty in art, and an unwillingness to patronise works which have not received the sometimes questionable fiat of approbation from the audiences of former seasons, not a whit more infallible than the present. English audiences will rarely judge for themselves in matters of art. They wait that Fashion should have openly set her seal on works which should claim a fair and unbiased judgment. It is to this we cannot but think is owing the non-success of another work of high musical genius—among our Gallic neighbours the object of such intense enthusiasm, that a short time back, it was necessary, in order to witness its performance, to engage seats a month beforehand! We allude to the "Desert," a composition which amongst musical judges has obtained, with a few exceptions of violent animosity, the most cordial admiration; while its performances with the public general passed off uncered for, and almost unknown.

As to the other musical performances of the past season, the works of Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Mercadante, have monopolised them. As usual, those most familiar and longest known were the most successful. "Don Giovanni," "Il Barbiere," "La Gazza Ladra," "I Puritani," have, as in former years, attracted crowded audiences, and elicited the loudest expressions of approbation. Those charming operas, "Lucia," "La Sonnambula," "Norma," "Don Pasquale," "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Anna Bolena," "Linda di Chamouni," "Othello," "Semiramide," &c. &c., have, without exception, maintained their ground in public esteem. The revivals have been "Cosi fan Tutte," "Il Giuramento," "Il Pirata," and "Roberto Devereux." The former of these operas, a work of the highest merit, was admirably given, and obtained deserved success. The three latter are, perhaps, some of the best amongst that ephemeral order of compositions, of which the Italian School has been lately so prolific. They were admirably performed, and were consequently successful; but we foresee that perhaps very long this class of operas will lose ground in public estimation, and give way before another more vigorous and original school of

music, which is already beginning to rise in Italy. At present, Verdi is the only composer of real and sterling merit in that land of song; for, though Rossini still lives, his pen is idle, or only occasionally employed on short compositions of a totally different order to those with which he has for years delighted the world, and which form a store of delightful recreation for future generations; and Donizetti, his successor, is silent. Should "Ernani," or any other work of this young composer, be brought forward next year, its success will, probably, be far more decided; for attention has become awakened on this point, and a purer musical taste is gradually forming in England, as elsewhere.

We must now turn to the part of our subject to which we can refer with most unqualified approbation. The *troupe* of Her Majesty's Theatre during the past season has presented an unexampled combination of talent, and the works we have mentioned have been cast in such a manner as to give effect and brilliancy to the most common-place, as well as to entail a more perfect appreciation of the *chef d'œuvres* of the great masters. Two or three *prime donne*, and an equal number of male performers, of such excellence that they have alone supported great continental theatres, have not been unfrequently included in the same operas; as, for example, "Don Giovanni," "Cosi fan Tutte," &c.—or else a still larger number of first-rate performers have appeared in different pieces on the same night. We have retained Grisi, who has for so long a time yearly retraced her steps to this country—the scene of her greatest triumphs; but two new *prime donne* have put forth their claims to public admiration, and they have been warmly responded to. The first *début* of the past season was that of Madame Castellan—as brilliant a one as her warmest admirers could have hoped. We have often expressed our admiration of this lady's sweet voice, her perfect style, her truthful and unaffected acting—qualities to which she adds that youthfulness of look and manner so necessary for dramatic illusion; and there are but few of the opera votaries who do not join in our appreciation of her talent. She is, indeed, a universal favourite, and a most valuable acquisition to the brilliant *troupe*.

Later in the season arrived Madame Rossi-Caccia, a singer whom fame had preceded to our shores with most flattering announcements. She made her *début* in "Roberto Devereux," an opera in many respects unsuited for popularity in England, and, consequently, likely to be rather prejudicial than otherwise to her success. An unfavourable *prestige* surrounds the character of the Maiden Queen in this opera, which offends the loyal and reverential feeling which most Englishmen unconsciously attach to the memory of "good Queen Bess." Every minor circumstance—even the unbecoming costume—was unfavourable to the *débutante*. It is certainly not too much to say that she triumphed over all these, for her reception was cordial and flattering; but it must be owned that, with the talent she undoubtedly possesses, in any other part she would probably have met with a far more brilliant success.

Another *début*, on the same occasion, was, from adverse circumstances, less favourable. M. Barolinet, a young baritone, of whom, for two or three years past, we have been in the habit of receiving the most brilliant reports, appeared in this opera as the Duke of Nottingham. Illness had, unfortunately, at the time we heard him, impaired his voice; his style and method were, however, perfect; but his leave of absence from the "Academie," at Paris, was short, and we, therefore, had not the opportunity of witnessing his performance in another opera.

Rita Borio was another new candidate for the favour of the most fastidious of critics, John Bull. She appeared at the opening of the season in "Ernani." Her first appearance was highly favourable. She possesses a soprano voice of remarkable compass and a penetrating quality, a good taste and method, and perhaps the only fault that can be urged against her, is a somewhat undramatic figure. She appeared but seldom during the season. Her execution of the part of *Elvira* in "Don Giovanni," and *Fiordiligi* in "Cosi fan Tutte," was spirited and highly successful.

Mlle. Rosetti, who appeared once last year, proved this season a valuable addition to the *troupe*. She has much power and compass of voice, though its tones are somewhat shrill, and much science; but her acting is deficient in life and energy. Signora Brambilla, on the other hand, affords an example of the triumphs of what the Italians emphatically call *soul* in singing, over physical defects. This contralto, as her voice has become in parts more and more velled and broken, has given additional grace and sweetness to her style, while she has carried the art of eluding faulty notes to an unexampled degree of perfection. In the present scarcity of contralto singers, she is a most valuable acquisition, and some charming operas, such as "La Gazza Ladra," "Linda di Chamouni," &c., have been given, in which nothing could have compensated for the want of her deep and touching tones, and simple, truthful acting.

We have already mentioned the first appearance of one male singer; the only other of the season was that of Botelli, a baritone, who appeared in "Ernani," and whose good abilities, and fine dramatic power, promised favourably for the fulfilment of secondary characters; but so overflowing was the number of artists, that room could only be found for him in the character of the *Commandatore*, in "Don Giovanni." In other respects, the male portion of the *troupe* was the same as in past years, with this difference—that Moriani was engaged for the whole season. This fine singer, and consummate actor, alternated with Mario—much improved in voice, and occasionally also in dramatic vigour—in the performance of all first-rate tenor parts: the "Elisir d'Amore," in which the part of *Nemorino* was taken by Corelli, being the only opera in which one or the other of these two artists did not appear. Moriani more than confirmed his reputation of last year; Mario's sweet voice continued his great popularity with the English public. Fornasari, an artist of the highest order of talent, both as a singer and an actor, had not, however, entirely lost the defect of style of former years. His tremulous tones still, to a certain degree, mar the effect of his singing; but we cannot pass unnoticed a decided improvement in his acting of parts of a more mercurial nature, in which he was, until this year, remarkably deficient. His *Don Giovanni*, and his *Figaro*, are incomparably better than in former years, and will soon rank with his admirable performance of *graver* and more tragic parts.

The support of almost every opera, the life of this great establishment, however, has been in the past season, as in every preceding one—Lablache. The great Neapolitan, possessing of capacities as gigantic as his person—an incomparable voice, an unceasing flow of energy and spirit—is always at home, always at hand, the constant and unfailing resource of the management. With a word or a look he can create good humour and hilarity amongst the audience; and his performance of the most insignificant parts ensure the success of the opera. We have often thought that the misfortune of Frederic Lablache is to have such a father. Placed by his side, his very good abilities sink into nothingness. Corelli is another useful and really talented member of this company. Had he strength of voice in proportion to his musical taste and science, he would be a first-rate singer.

It is, however, in choregraphy above all that her Majesty's Theatre has this year excelled itself, and witnessed triumphs hitherto unparalleled. One event, for such it is, illustrates at once the variety of resources possessed at this establishment, and the most difficult talent of combining them. We allude to the famous "Pas de Quatre," which, for years, probably, will still be the glory of this theatre, and which reflects equal credit on the munificence and ability of the management.

There were united on this stage for several weeks four unrivalled dancers, and their simultaneous appearance in one *pas* was a triumph of theatrical tact and management which those, perhaps, can only fully appreciate who are more cognizant of matters behind the curtain than ourselves. Suffice it to say the effect was exquisite, and that many of those who regarded the art of dancing with contempt and indifference, then first perceived what was meant by the "poetry of motion." One of these four great *danseuses* had made her first, and another her last, appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre; and, by a singular coincidence, the *débutante* seems more likely than any other to fill the place of the great dancer who bade us farewell a few nights since. Lucile Grahn, at her first appearance, was little cared for. Her performance at another London theatre, in a former year, had, probably, rather tended to diminish than to add to the favour with which she was received. Since that time she has been gradually gaining ground in public estimation. She is now an universally acknowledged favourite, and deservedly so. Her refined and poetical style of dancing, her remarkable grace and agility, combine to render her one of the first dancers of the day. Carlotta Grisi and Cerito have maintained their footing of former years; each remains exquisite in her own peculiar manner and style, and, in the bounding, fairy-like, Cerito particularly, an improvement and elevation of style was visible.

Ferrot and St. Leon—the former from his wonderful grace, from the real genius for his art which appears in all he undertakes; the latter from his extraordinary muscular power and agility—are, perhaps, the only male dancers of the day, and with the public in general completely escape that indifference and dislike which is commonly the portion of these members of a *troupe*. We must not omit, *en passant*, to remark the advent of the thirty-six Viennese children, who, made, at their first appearance, so great a sensation. The distinguishing qualities of this Lilliputian company have been too often commented upon, however, to need description now; suffice it to say, they have given a lesson to *corymbes* and ballet masters, the good effects of which we fancy we can already trace. Another novelty in the ballet department was the arrival of "La Nena," a beautiful Andalusian dancer, whose performance, original and characteristic in the extreme, was certainly not graceful, and did not attract.

The novelties in the ballet department have consisted of two new ballets—"Eoline," brought out at the beginning of the season, and "Rosida," several *divertissements*, amongst which the most remarkable were "Kaya," "La Bacchante," "Endymion," besides numerous other *pas* and dances. Amongst them, "Eoline" obtained decided success; the poetical character of the composition suited the style of Lucile Grahn. The "Mazurka d'Extase," and the Dryad Scene, were highly imaginative, the latter, especially, of charming effect; and these portions of the ballet, as well as the entire production, have been constantly repeated throughout the season. Of "Rosida" we cannot speak so favourably: it was the invention of Cerito, and certainly not a happy effort, in point of composition, though the exquisite scenery and effective dances introduced by the fair composer, with many completely effaced this defect. The *divertissements* we have mentioned were each, in their respective styles, highly pleasing, and obtained much success.

Those who have accompanied us thus far in our hasty sketch of the performances of the past season at Her Majesty's Theatre, will join our expression of wonder and admiration at the remarkable perseverance and immense capital it must have required to assemble from all parts such an unprecedented combination of talent—at the judicious management which could bring into subjection, and advantageously combine, so enormous a company—and which could so order things as not to lose by the immense and incalculable expenditure, as we hear is the case. The talented lessee of this enormous establishment, now become his own, has at least the satisfaction of knowing that his efforts have elicited the gratitude and esteem of society, which has found expression amongst some of the highest of its members.

A subscription has been set on foot, headed by some of the greatest personages in the kingdom, including the Duke of Wellington, two of the most powerful and influential of the representatives of foreign courts, and a large propor-

On Saturday last Denis Lucie was executed in Clonmel, pursuant to sentence, for the murder of Daniel Sullivan. Neither Lucie nor his victim were natives of the county Tipperary, but were passing through it as drovers when the crime was committed.

at 1s per cwt less money. Priceable Waterford
at 4s to 4s 6d per cwt. Hams are a dull sale, and a
few more are expected to arrive in a few days.

[illegible]



THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS AND D'ACHENFELS, FROM GODESBERG

(Continued from page 121.)

or a time, suspended. It could only be traced across the river by the line of dim lamps, except a portion left open for the passage of two steamers, which slowly passed up the stream towards the landing place above the city, where her Majesty was to embark; a band of music was on board the first, and the sounds came softened over the water with a fine effect. After they had passed, all again was expectation and silence, save that here and there a rocket shot up into the darkness; the lighted windows of the lofty houses, rising over the river wall, and the lamps along the quay, gleamed faintly on the masses of people, the piled arms, and the uniforms of the soldiers.

An hour or more wore away, when a salute of cannon from above the town announced that her Majesty was embarking, and soon afterwards the steamer appeared, coming slowly down the stream. As soon as she got opposite the city, the soldiers were ordered into line; a rocket was sent up as a signal, and at that moment a *feu de joie* commenced, on a scale rarely equalled; it extended for two miles, on both sides of the river, and was kept up for more than half an hour, the men loading and firing in rapid succession: at the same time, the Rhine was brilliantly lit up by port-fires, burnt in boats, in the middle of the stream: above the Thurm-market showers of rockets were shooting up with boundless profusion. As the vessel glided down, the firing continued; and the constant rattle of the musketry,

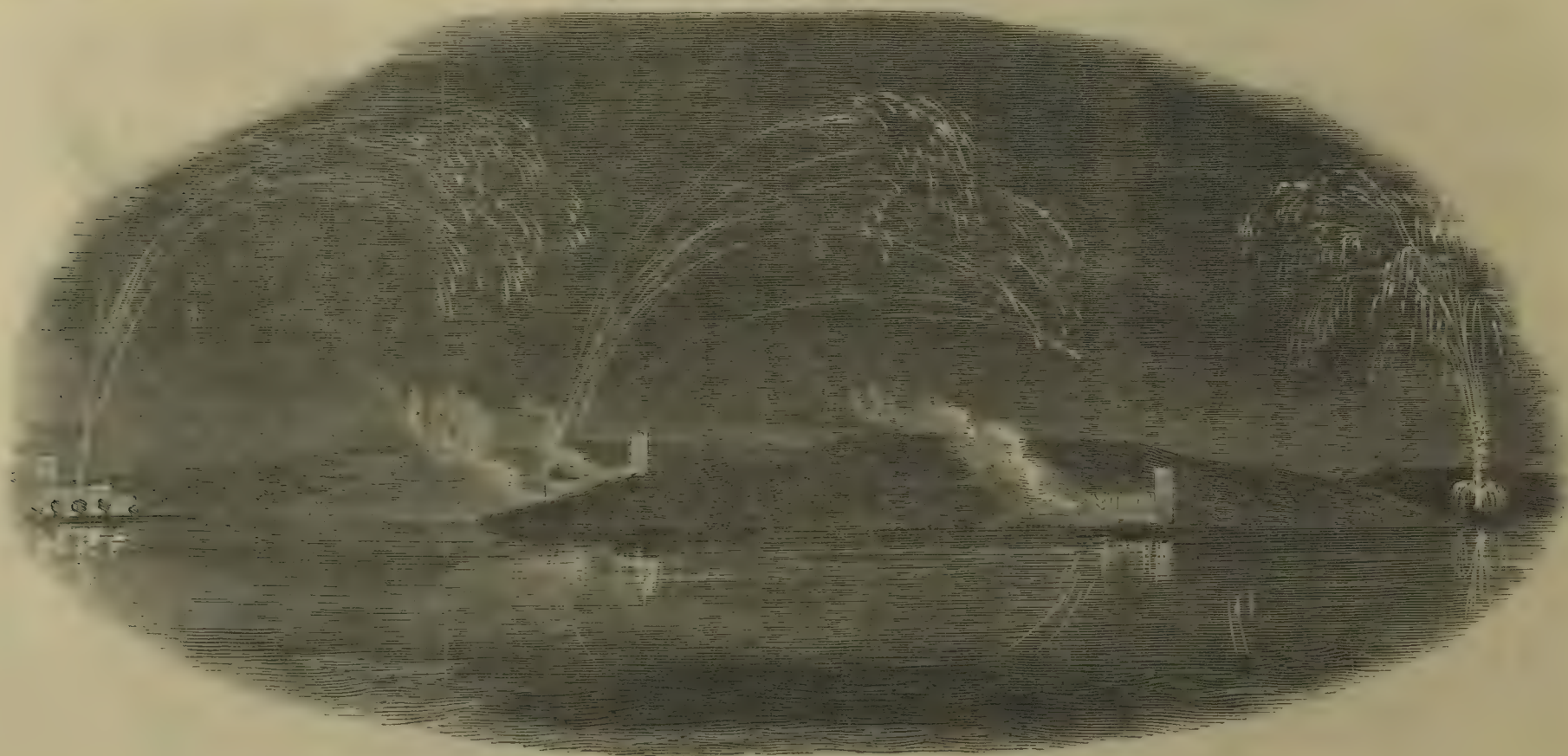
blending at intervals with the booming of cannon, gave the spectator some idea of a night attack. But the great spectacle was yet to come. As the steamer neared the opening of the Bridge, the whole structure—if so a Bridge of Boats can be called—was lighted up by a line of fireworks, throwing up showers of brilliant sparks, like fountains of brightness—the gleaming drops descending in a graceful form, and becoming quenched in the river, rolling darkly down beneath. At the same moment the exterior of the Cathedral, which towers grandly over the whole city, burst into light, like the dome of St. Peter's in Holy Week; every cornice, buttress, and pinnacle gleamed in the flood of light, and the effect of the whole scene was at that instant the grandest and most magnificent of its kind we ever beheld. The play of light and shade over the mass of Gothic architecture, and the roofs and towers in its vicinity, was perfectly magical. It was not the "dim religious light" which we associate with such structures, for which even the beams "of the garish day" are held unsuitable; nor was it the moon, which softens all imperfections,

"Leaving that beautiful which still is so,
And making that which was not!"—

an effect particularly favourable to the Cathedral of Cologne, which is at once unfinished and a ruin, and bears simultaneously the marks of incompleteness and decay. It was an artificial splendour—the brilliancy of a moment cast upon the dark pile on which rest the shadows of ages,

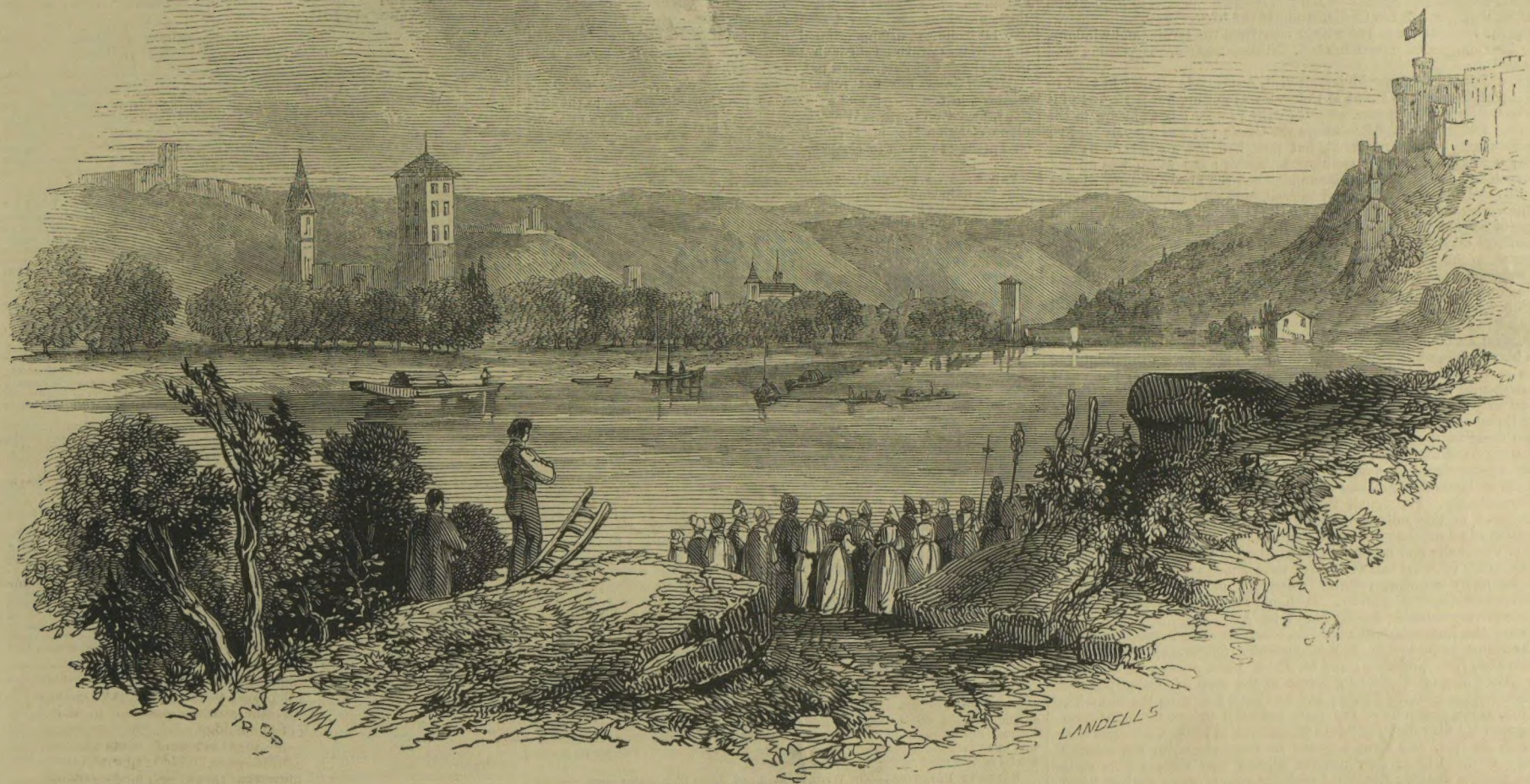


THE ROYAL YACHT PASSING THE DRACHENFELS.



K. RAUDEL.

ILLUMINATION OF THE RHINE, FROM STOLZENFELS.



THE PALACE OF STOLZENFELS, ON THE RHINE.

chasing them with a fitful and transient splendour, and then leaving them in a deeper gloom than before. But for the time it was a spectacle of unequalled magnificence; the enormous scale of all the preparations, and the exactness and method with which all the proceedings were conducted, could only have been found in a country where there is an immense mass of organised force at the command of authority; it partook of that gigantic splendour which is found in the fêtes of the Court of Russia.—(See the Engraving.)

Below the city her Majesty again landed, and, attended by the suite and guards, drove through the old streets, which were full of unwonted life, and gay as such ancient and narrow ways could be with lights and flags. Her Majesty again passed the night at the Palace of Brühl. The next day the Queen returned to Cologne, and visited the Cathedral. The committee of citizens who have undertaken the task of completing this enormous structure—without, it is to be feared, sufficiently considering the Horatian precept, that recommends a proportion-

ing of the shoulders to the burden—the *Dombauverein* assembled at three o'clock, with banners and music, and marched in procession to the Church; the workmen employed formed another procession; and the children of the Charity Schools, male and female, formed a third. The latter, dressed in white, with wreaths in their hair, and bearing between them festoons and garlands, were the prettiest sight of the whole. No one was admitted with the Royal party; but, on their departure, crowds of persons entered to see the throne erected in the choir on



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READY MADE.	<i>£ s d</i>	MADE TO MEASURE.	<i>£ s d</i>
Twice Taglioni, from	0 7 6	Two Coats, trimmed with silk ..	0 12 0
Ditto, superior quality, with silk collar, cuffs, and lapels ..	0 13 6	Chamcherette ditto, in any shape, handsomely trimmed, made in the first style of fashion ..	1 5 0
Cordignons and Chesterfields, in light and gentlemanly materials ..	0 13 6	Saxe Gotha ditto, handsomely trimmed ..	1 15 0
Chamcherette Coats, in every style and in any shape, handsomely trimmed ..	1 2 0	Quince ditto, 66, 68, or 3 ditto ..	0 10 0
Holland Jean Grand Drill and Diagonal Blooses ..	0 3 6	Chamcherette ditto, in choice patterns ..	0 8 6
Splendid Summer Vests, from ..	0 2 6	Satin ditto, plain or fancy ..	0 14 6
Chamcherette and Persian ditto, in endless variety ..	0 4 6	Spring Trousers in fancy variety ..	0 10 6
Black and Fancy Satins ..	0 6 6	Chamcherette ditto, in choice patterns ..	0 13 6
Cloth Trousers, from ..	0 9 0	Single Milled Albert and Plain Ditto ..	0 19 0
Spring ditto (woollen) ..	0 4 6	Trousers ..	
Spring ditto (woollen) ..	0 5 0	Best quality Black or Dress ditto ..	1 6 0
Dress Coats ..	1 0 0	Ditto, ditto, best manufactured ..	1 12 0
Frock ditto ..	1 3 0	Ditto, ditto, best manufactured ..	2 15 0
		Frock Coats ..	1 15 0
		Ditto, ditto, best manufactured ..	3 3 0



BROAD-STREET NEW YORK, AFTER THE RECENT FIRE.

over, was heart sickening. The families of at least fifty houses on Broad-way, both sides of Greenwich-street, on State, Whitehall, Stone, and Pearl streets, and Battery-place, had been turned into the street, with their furniture, through dread of their houses being burned over their heads. Broad-way, at that part where both sides were burning, is at least one hundred and fifty feet wide, yet so intense was the heat in the middle of the street, that or a hundred yards, not even the daring firemen could venture upon the burning pavement.

The district burnt is the most important portion of New York, it having been mostly composed of large buildings, filled with very costly merchandise. In this quarter, too, the French and German merchants chiefly congregated. The loss by this public calamity is, as we have stated, estimated at from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 dollars, most of which is covered by insurance, and the loss is divided pretty equally amongst the numerous insurance companies; it is expected that nearly all will be paid, though several will have to wind up their concerns in consequence.

It appears a little uncertain how much human life has fallen a sacrifice; but no fewer than ten or twelve persons are missing, and thought to have been lost.

In regard to the reported loss of life, the *New York Inquirer* says:—"There can be no doubt that the loss of life has been much more fearfully extensive than was at first supposed. We learn, through Mr. Oelrich, the Hamburg Consul, that in the store occupied by him and Mr. Cruger there were, at the time of the explosion, a large number of men; that, not believing the fire



THE BOWLING-GREEN, AND BROADWAY.

would reach his premises, he went out a moment before the explosion, leaving these unfortunate men within, every one of whom, he believes, perished. He thinks there were forty or fifty, but we hope he is in error as to that large number. Mr. Gronin, of the firm of Pavenstadt and Gronin, is known to be one of the victims, and two men, so burnt and mutilated as to put recognition out of the question, were dug from the burning rubbish. Mr. Cowdrey, one of the firemen, is also known to be lost, and we fear there is no reason to doubt that a number of other firemen also lost their lives. Two

women were killed by the explosion in No. 37, Broad-street, and a Mrs. Miller was carried to the hospital dreadfully injured. Nor is there any doubt that a considerable number of the unfortunate inmates of the houses destroyed lost their lives, and now lie buried beneath the ruins of their dwellings. A fireman, named Francis Hart, belonging to Engine No. 22, was standing on the roof of the house next to the one in which the explosion took place, and was thrown two whole squares, on to the Custom-House steps, but escaped with very slight injury. Peter Johnson, porter to Burrill

and Johnson, besides keeping a porter-house in the lower part of Water-street, has been unseen since the explosion in New-street. Immediately before that event he was forcing his way through the crowd, and, when stopped by a policeman, he said, 'You know me, I have business,' and having a store key in his hand, he was permitted to pass. The policeman thinks he would have had just sufficient time to have brought him in front of the building which was demolished, and that he was then and there buried under the ruins in instant death."



THE BOWLING-GREEN AND MARKETFIELD-STREET.